The Web of Destiny

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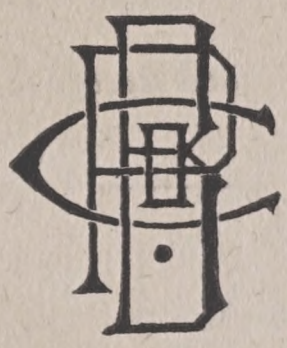
IT WAS THERE THE YOUNG COUPLE PASSED THEIR HONEYMOON, ROAMING THE BROAD FIELDS WHICH WERE DECKED IN THEIR RICHEST HUE.

(*Frontis Web of Destiny*)

THE WEB of DESTINY

By

Mary A. L. Bliven



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PREFACE.

Circumstances are molders of great events. Empires and Nations have been molded by her artistic hand. She is ever weaving her web of destiny around mankind. Armies have been led to victory by her cunning ways, yet she holds her sway. It was circumstances that prompted me to write "The Web of Destiny," a true story, true to nature.

For in fact each and every town have a Dr. Jones and wife, also a Deacon Allen.

As a rule, the innocent suffer the wrongs of the wicked. As in this case, the widow's daughter, a child of sorrow, one I've had much sympathy for, now has a good husband and a good home, where she is happy and contented.

I'll leave her hoping the public will be lenient in their criticism, when knowing I've been sick with racking pains and a heart that was filled with sorrow—now I've partly regained my health.

The story is told. I'll submit it to the public, who may find time to while away a few leisure moments in perusing its pages.

In writing this story, I've wandered through

many a thrilling scene, some good, some bad; good in as much as it reverted my mind from rheumatic pains, as I was led through many a pleasant and tangled maze while writing "The Web of Destiny."

The author,
MRS. M. A. L. BLIVEN.

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THE WEB OF DESTINY.

CHAPTER I.

THE WEDDING AND JOURNEY.

It was many, many years ago the great wedding occurred at Willow Vale. Willow Vale was a little village in one of the New England States, and a quiet little place it was.

The wedding was one of the great events that occurred at Willow Vale—the contracting parties being a young couple, yet in their teens. The youth was one of nature's fairest specimens of a gentleman, not exceeding twenty years. In stature he was above the medium height and of a stout build, having the bearing of a prince. The bride was a gushing young belle of seventeen, with auburn hair, and rosy cheeks—one suited for a high station in life, being endowed with a Christian spirit and a heart that was filled with love for the young man of her choice, whose name was Edward, he being a descendant of Lord Edward Fitz Gerald of Dublin, Ireland. Young Edward

wore a suit of blue broadcloth, trimmed with gilt buttons; also a buff vest which was very becoming. The bride was arrayed in pure white, which was suited to her slight form and purity of heart—she being tall and graceful. It was said they were the handsomest couple ever married at Willow Vale.

After being united in the holy bond of matrimony, and partaking of a sumptuous dinner, with congratulations and good wishes of friends and relatives, the young couple departed, having old shoes thrown after them. Soon they were on their way to Edward's home, which was about five miles away.

Arriving there about 5 P. M., they were received with love and kindness into the hearts and home of his parents, who were well-to-do people, living in a quiet and unpretending style, choosing honesty and industry rather than a fashionable life.

It was there the young couple passed their honeymoon, roaming the broad fields, which were decked in their richest hue. In fact, it was the first day of June, when all nature seemed to smile; birds were singing their sweetest songs. It was a scene of pleasure, as they listened to the songs of the wild birds, with now and then a horseback ride, which was very fashionable in those days. Young Edward and his bride were often seen on horseback on their way to John North's, or 'Squire

North's, as he was more familiarly called, for that was the name of Rosie's father.

It was amid such scenes young Edward and Rosie lived their first six months, in quiet and happiness. Edward, being of an adventurous mind and very energetic, soon began talking of a home for himself and wife. About that time a rich uncle came to visit his parents, coming from Central New York, which was a new country and not much settled at that time. Yet it was a prosperous country, just what was suited to young Edward's mind, who commenced talking of up-country; for, in fact, that was what it was called in those days.

Rosie began to look sad; she had never been away from home, besides she had always been a pet with her parents and never lived away from Willow Vale. She loved the willows that grew along the brook which wended its way through Willow Vale. It was where she played in childhood's happy days. Yet, Edward had made up his mind for the adventure, and it was not easily turned, so Rosie yielded.

It was soon decided that the young couple would make a home in Central New York. Then began the preparations for a long journey, which was quite an undertaking, as there was no public conveyance except by stage coach. The steamboats carried some passengers. Edward soon had a horse and wagon, and other necessary things for a long journey. His horse

was one suited to his taste—one that was kind and gentle, besides being a good stepper. None but a good horse would suit him, and he knew what a good one was.

It was at 'Squire North's that the big red chest was being packed. Bed and bedding, some china dishes, and other things for housekeeping, not forgetting the mirror and a small Bible that was placed in the till of the chest, wet with many tears from the mother's eyes. The chest being packed it was securely locked with a padlock. Rosie was now ready for her departure, looking forward with a sad heart to the time when she would leave her friends and home; besides, it was a long and tedious journey.

Edward was already at Mr. North's making a short visit before he and Rosie started on their journey. He was somewhat in a hurry to start on his journey, as it was getting colder every day. Finally he and Rosie bid their friends good-bye and started, though not until he had made arrangements with Mr. North to take the chest to Mr. Hull's, Edward's father, and also bring his family to see the young couple start on their journey.

Finally the day arrived for the final leave. Mr. North and family, which consisted of wife and three daughters, were at Mr. Hull's to see the young couple start, and to bid them a long good-bye. Poor Mrs. North said, "How

young, how inexperienced to start out on life's journey, and how many had started with bright hopes, only to see them vanish like the dew on the grass."

The time had arrived for the sad parting, it being past the golden Autumn and, in fact, it was cold December, the 13th day. The sun rose bright and beautiful, not a cloud to be seen. All nature seemed to smile, as relatives and friends arrived to bid the young couple good-bye. The first to arrive was 'Squire North and family, with sad hearts and tearful eyes. Next came a sister of Edward's, and her husband. She had always been a loving sister and a playmate. Then came other relatives and neighbors, filling the house with sympathizing friends. Yet the young couple were in good spirits. Then came the old-fashioned dinner of baked beans, brown bread, pies and puddings, all warm from the old stone oven. It was just twelve o'clock when each and every one took their place at the table. Mr. Hull looked somewhat embarrassed, but finally asked a blessing. Mrs. Hull looked sad, thinking of the vacant chairs. None could fill them like Edward and Rosie. Each one had partaken of a royal, good dinner.

The horse and wagon were brought to the door. Then the big red chest was lifted into the wagon. Next came the parting. It was said, after looking around some time they

found Edward's mother in the old stow bedroom, kneeling in prayer, asking God to take care of her children, and keep them from the tempter's snare.

Mr. Hull came in with Edward by his side, while Rosie was still clinging to her mother's neck and weeping. Soon they were seated in the wagon, a large old-fashioned wagon, square body on four wheels with a high back seat, wooden beams over the top, which was covered with canvas cloth to protect its occupants from the inclement weather. It was what would be called a prairie schooner in these days. Rover, an old pet dog of Edward's, took his place under the forward axletree, where he was delighted to run, when allowed to go with his master. Edward said he would take him along as he was such a faithful watch dog. All things being ready for a start, Mr. Hull gave them his blessing with a God-speed them on their journey. All joined in wishing them joy and happiness. It was thus, with heavy hearts, the young couple started up the long lane which would take them on the main road.

Soon they were on the road and miles away. Edward thought to cheer Rosie by saying, "Rosie, we have all our worldly goods in the old chest. There's one thing, they are all paid for and are ours."

The first day's drive was a short one, only driving about twenty miles, stopping over night

with a cousin, who had many words to send up-country to friends and relatives.

Next morning at an early hour they were on their way, hurrying towards Hartsford. After that day all were strangers. They were obliged to stop at hotels over night and get dinner as best they could, sometimes stopping at log-houses, which were very plentiful in those days. The journey was over rough roads and through a hilly country, which made it a tedious one. Yet the scenery was more than magnificent, with here and there a little log-house.

It was some six days since they had left their New England home. It was just after they had passed a steep precipice—for, in fact, they were crossing the Catskill Mountains—as they drove round a sharp curve in the road they came to a fine-looking house with a good-looking signboard over the door, "Wild Wood Hotel." Rosie exclaimed, "I should say Wild Wood Hotel, for indeed it is a wild wood." Edward reined up his horse with the intention of staying all night. However, after going into the place, he changed his mind, as he saw many rough looking people inside. He looked at Rosie and remarked, "We'll be going." Rosie felt that she must cry, for she was both tired and sleepy. She thought she could go no farther that night. However, they started on, but soon Edward noticed something wrong with his horse. He jumped out of the wagon, examined

the horse's foot, for he was getting quite lame. To his surprise, he found a nail had been put under the horse's shoe, which was the cause of its lameness. Edward began to think something was wrong. He had not long to wait, for just as they were going through a dark place in the woods there a man stepped out from one side of the road. At the same time he grabbed Edward's horse by the bit, demanding his money. Edward gave his horse a crack with the whip, which caused him to jump, throwing the man down. By that time the dog was on top of the man. Edward said not a word, but ran his horse up the hill. Soon Rover took his place under the wagon, where he was always ready to defend his master. Edward drove about five miles before he found a place to stay all night. Finally he stopped at a small log house. The people had all gone to bed and fast asleep. However, Edward woke them up and told them he wanted to stay all night. The man said he was not in circumstances to keep strangers. Finally he concluded to take them in, at the same time telling them that they must take up with his fare, which was very meager, as he was a poor man. Edward said he had seen enough that night and was willing to stay almost anywhere, so was shown into the house, which consisted of one room with two beds in it, one of them being a small one for the children, being two of them, the eldest less

than five years old. The wife gave them some bread and milk to eat, for which they were very thankful. Edward related to Mr. Day what he had seen and heard that night. The host had told Edward his name was Day. Mr. Day knew nothing of the people around the neighborhood, as he had only moved there two weeks before, and had no neighbors within two miles. Rosie sat crying as though her heart would break, thinking of the home and friends she had left behind. Just then Mr. Day said he would show them where they were to sleep, so led the way up a ladder. Rosie hesitated about going up the ladder. Finally Edward took hold of her arm and assisted her along until they finally came to a small room under the eaves, where the roof nearly touched their bed. There they lay down upon a bed of straw with a few old blankets to cover themselves with.

As Edward and Rosie lay in bed next morning, waiting for daylight, Mrs. Day called them to breakfast. It was then that Rosie discovered there were no windows in the room. She had slept but little during the night, so got up looking pale and nervous. She was not used to such hardships.

Breakfast being ready, which consisted of dried beef and bread and milk, Edward and Rosie sat down, feeling grateful for the hospitality shown them. After the repast Edward, being in a hurry, asked Mr. Day what

was his bill. Upon being told "nothing," he gave them one dollar and thanked them for their kindness, and started on their journey.

After being on the road thirteen days, arrived at Edward's uncle's about sunset, Rosie sick with nervous headache, wishing herself home. A poor homesick child she was. Aunt Polly hurried around and soon had good warm food upon the table. Rosie said she could not think of eating, as she was so tired, but finally concluded to drink a little warm tea, and was much refreshed, but soon retired. It was very evident she needed rest. As Aunt Polly showed her to her room she remarked, "Poor tired child, I hope you'll have pleasant dreams and be all right in the morning." Rosie thanked her and retired for the night, thinking and dreaming of her friends she had left in tears.

Aunt Polly did not hurry her breakfast next morning. She said: "Let them rest; I know they need it."

It was eight o'clock when they sat down to breakfast, after being introduced to the cousins —there being two of them, Charles, the eldest, and Alice the next, she being just the age of Rosie. It was decided that Edward and Rosie should make their home with Uncle Burley, while he assisted them in securing a place for their future home, as he was acquainted for miles around.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Uncle Burley and Aunt Polly were well pleased with Edward and Rosie. He had many tales to tell them of his early pioneer days when the country was a wilderness. It had been many years since he came to Ocelia, when there were no neighbors for miles, he having to mark the trees to find his place. It was there he built a small log-house on a small clearing that overlooked the Otcellic River. It was a beautiful place. Yet Aunt Polly has often told me how homesick and lonesome she was, often going to the river to pass away the time. She loved to gaze on it as it gently flowed through a fertile valley, with here and there a log-house. I've often heard Uncle Burley say it was a great pleasure to him to take a boat and row across the river to attend an evening prayer meeting. Mr. Burley was a devout Christian, a Baptist preacher. He often made appointments for a prayer and conference meeting at Mr. Sime's, on the opposite side of the river, where he would pray and exhort his neighbors

and kinsmen to be more watchful and prayerful. He told me it was some five years after he came to Ocelia that he and some friends started to cross the river to attend a prayer meeting as usual. The boat was an old rickety one, however it had always carried them safely over. No one thought it otherwise than safe. The party was seated in the boat and then rowed out into the stream. Just as they were rounding a deep curve the boat sprang apart, which so frightened Mr. Burley's sister and two young lady acquaintances, they could not keep their seats, so commenced moving from one side to the other. That still sprang the boat farther apart and finally they found themselves in the river. The water was rushing swiftly down the stream. It had previously rained two or three days, which swelled the current of the river to an unusual height. Mr. Burley tried all ways to rescue them from the swollen tide, but only succeeded in saving the two young ladies, who clung to him as they were precipitately thrown into the water. Mr. Smith and his wife were both drowned. It did seem strange, for in fact Mr. Smith was an excellent swimmer. It was a sad accident that happened some twenty-five years before Edward and Rosie came to Ocelia.

There had been many changes in twenty-five years. Mr. Burley had just erected a large frame house with all the modern improve-

ments. At that time Ocelia was quite a prosperous place, consisting of a Baptist church, school house, two stores, blacksmith's shop and many other buildings, besides a hotel. Edward and Rosie were very much at home at Mr. Burley's, neighbors calling to see the new comers, giving them a hearty welcome, for those people were a very hospitable people.

Soon Edward secured the new home by buying one hundred and sixty acres of land, paying two hundred and fifty dollars cash and giving a mortgage for two hundred and forty more.

It was a warm pleasant day in March, the 25th, that Edward and Charles started for the new home. It was a very picturesque scenery as they climbed the long steep hill. Edward thought he had never seen such magnificent scenery before; the tall hemlocks on both sides of the road with deep gorges and moss-covered boulders. The water went gushing in and out of every nook as it went plunging down the steep hill, first one side and then the other.

As Edward cast his eyes upward to view the tall trees he exclaimed: "I never beheld such trees before; see how they spread their magnificent boughs. They are just lovely!"

The wood chopper had not as yet made his appearance. It was where the Indian boy had chased the wild deer and sat beneath the hemlock boughs and wooed his dusky maid.

At that time there were some Indians stroll-

ing through the country; not many, however, as there were a few years previous, when they centered there for fishing. Tradition tells many a daring tale of the early settlers with the Indians.

As I was saying, Edward and Charles were climbing the long, steep hill, about three miles from Ocelia, then they passed on a half mile before they reached the clearing at the top of the hill. There they found a rich, fertile tract of land, also a large sheet of water, called the Green Lake, it being surrounded by tall hemlocks, which were reflected in its water, making it look green and so was called the Green Lake. Near the lake lived Giles Allen. It was one-half mile from there they reached the new home, a log-house, situated upon a small knoll, overlooking the lake, surrounded with large trees, giving it a home look. That was the place where Edward and Rosie were to make their home. Edward made all necessary arrangements for housekeeping. He had bought two bedsteads, a table, six chairs, some kettles—knowing they would use the fireplace, as stoves had not come into use then. Aunt Polly gave them a bed, which made them two beds, one for each bedroom; for, in fact they had two bedrooms, besides a large square room.

It was the last day of March, Tuesday morning that Edward moved his goods to the new home, not forgetting vegetables and groceries,

which he knew they would need. Then he went back for Rosie and the chest.

Arriving at their home about noon, Rosie spread the table with good wholesome food, well cooked, and furnished from Aunt Polly's well-filled closet.

After dinner Edward and Rosie commenced settling their home. After things were somewhat straightened up Rosie said to Edward: "Now open the chest; I think it will do me good to see things from home." Edward unlocked the chest. Began by taking out the bed and some china dishes. He soon came to the mirror and, to his surprise, he found it broken. Rosie burst out crying and exclaimed, "I'd rather lost everything in the chest than had that glass break. It's a sure sign of death—my grandmother always said so. She broke a glass once and her sweetheart died soon after." Edward tried to comfort her by telling her all signs were not true. She grieved for two or three weeks, but finally gave it up as they were getting along so well, and were so happy in the new home. She soon forgot about the glass or ceased to talk about it.

CHAPTER III.

A YOUNG DOCTOR COMES TO OCELIA.

It was in the month of May, a young doctor moved to Ocelia. His name was Jones, and a well looking man he was. It was said he came from near the Connecticut River. The people were well pleased, for, in fact, there wasn't a doctor in the place. He commenced housekeeping in plain style. It was evident he was a poor man. He had neither horse nor wagon —was just locating for business. It had taken all his funds to fit him for the profession.

Mr. Burley said, "We need a doctor in the place; let's give him a start. My motto is, 'To help those who help themselves.'" Mr. Burley commenced by putting his name down for twenty dollars, then took it to his friends and neighbors, from whom he soon secured enough to buy a horse, which was bought at once, and presented to the doctor. He thanked them and seemed well pleased.

The doctor was a well looking young man of thirty and seemed to understand his business.

His wife was a fine looking woman, who

seemed to appreciate her good looks, with many consequential airs. It was said they came from Connecticut, near the Connecticut River.

Soon he had a good practice, for there was no doctor for miles around.

Edward and he became fast friends, he being a very congenial man, and coming from the East; his wife was one of those women who wanted to impress the people in Ocelia with an idea that she was far superior to all the other women in and around the place. She would often say to the doctor, "We must keep up some style, so as to hold a high position in society."

It was some six or eight months after they came to Ocelia Mrs. Jones united with the Baptist church in that place. She seemed much devoted to the church society, was scarcely ever absent on Sunday. The doctor had seemed to prosper in his business, and they were living in quite good style. Mrs. Jones was getting somewhat extravagant. She gave parties now and then, asking but few. She would say to the doctor: "Those people are not worth my notice. I'll show the people in Ocelia what style is."

It was true the people in Ocelia were not what Mrs. Jones called stylish. Yet they were good honest people; had never studied the art of fashion.

One morning as the doctor was getting ready to go out Mrs. Jones said to him: "I want a

servant girl. I can't do everything. The Burleys have one."

The doctor looked at her with an astonished look, and replied: "Why, Almira, they have a large family and are able to keep a girl."

"I know Mr. Burley is a rich man," said Mrs. Jones, "but I should think a doctor could afford to keep a servant girl. I don't want anyone to think I can't keep a servant girl as well as those Burleys. Yonder comes Alice, she has no style, speaks to the poorest people in town. I should think she would have a little dignity, being a rich man's daughter. I can't associate with her if she continues to call at old Mrs. Wilson's."

"Why, Almira, I'm astonished! Poor Mrs. Wilson is sick and needs some one to care for her," said the doctor.

About that time Alice entered the sitting-room, when Mrs. Jones exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, here's Alice, and I'm so glad to see her! Alice, I've wanted to see you for a week. I'm so tied down with the care of housework I can't scarcely ever get out. Besides, the doctor is away so much of the time. I want to hire a girl to do housework, so I can get out once in a while."

She gave Alice one of her sweetest smiles and remarked, "Do you know of a girl?"

"Yes," said Alice, "there's Sally Moore. She's a splendid girl; worked for us last sum-

mer when Jane was sick. She's a good Christian girl and you can depend upon her."

"Why, Alice, do you mean John Moore's daughter?"

"Yes," said Alice.

"Oh, I thought they were quite well-to-do," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, they are," remarked Alice, "but Mrs. Moore thinks she can do all of her work and let Sally work out some so as to help buy her clothes."

"Why, Alice, if I was Sally Moore's mother I would feel ashamed to have Sally working out."

"Why, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Moore's people are very honorable people. You know they are members of our church."

Mrs. Jones looked up scornfully and remarked, "Yes, and what a looking bonnet Sally had on Sunday."

Alice got up and remarked: "I must be going, Mrs. Jones."

Just then the doctor entered and after passing compliments with Alice he remarked: "Miss Burley, you are looking somewhat tired."

"Yes," said Alice, "I was down to Mrs. Wilson's all night—she's very sick and has no one to care for her."

"I am glad, Miss Burley, you are so very kind. She does need some one so much to care for her."

"She's a little better to-day. I hope she'll soon recover, for her family need her. They are very poor."

Just then Alice got up and started, telling Mrs. Jones she was going to stop at Mrs. Wilson's and see that she was comfortable. Mrs. Jones bade Alice good-bye, telling her she would see her at the church that evening.

As soon as Alice was well out of the house Mrs. Jones said to the doctor, "I've heard of a girl. Alice said she's splendid—old John Moore's daughter, Sally."

The doctor looked surprised and said, "Why, Almira, you don't need a girl. There are only two of us and Mrs. Wilson will soon be well to do the washing again. You know I've a number of large bills to pay."

"You are always preaching that," said Mrs. Jones.

"We've got to live for all paying debts, but Almira you can do your work. Let us try to be economical, so's to save a little something for a rainy day."

Just then she gave the doctor another scornful look and replied: "You are always looking for rainy days; for my part, I want to see the sun shine while I live."

It was thus the conversation ended that night. Rising early the next morning, the doctor started for Edward Hull's, his wife was

ill, at the same time telling Mrs. Jones he would be back to dinner.

After he had hitched up his horse and got well started, Mrs. Jones commenced singing a favorite air while hurrying around and doing her work. Finally she said to herself, "I know a doctor can afford to keep a girl; I'll see what I can do."

Next morning Sally Moore was at Dr. Jones'. As Mrs. Jones had secured the service of a first-class girl, she gave Sally full charge of the work, which she did with credit, while Mrs. Jones devoted her time to society.

There was to be a lecture at the church the 25th; the Rev. Owen was to speak in behalf of the heathen. Mrs. Jones had taken great interest in foreign missions for some time and had often said, "We ought to have a missionary society. You know our Bible teaches us to forward the Gospel to all parts of the earth. Only think of those poor creatures not knowing good from evil." Then she burst into tears and finally said, "We will take up a collection every Sunday and send missionaries to those poor dear creatures."

It was the twenty-fifth when Mr. Owen gave a very touching address in behalf of the heathen, which seemed to have met Mrs. Jones' approval. At the close of the lecture it was decided to take up a collection for Mr. Owen to help him on in the good work. When the lecture

closed there were quite a number standing around Mr. Owen. As Dr. Jones came up some one said, "Well, Doctor, what do you think about the heathen?"

"Well, as you've asked the question, I must say I think there are some people in Ocelia who ought to be looked after."

All joined in a laugh. About that time Alice said to the doctor, "I hear you were up to Edward's Sunday, how is Rosie?" The doctor looked around, saying, "She's been working pretty hard this summer, has taken a sudden cold and is threatened with fever. However, I think she'll be all right in a few days."

About that time Mrs. Wilson stepped up to Alice, put out her hand and remarked, "I'm so glad to see you, Miss Burley." Alice clasped her hand, giving it a hearty shake, and at the same time remarked: "I hope you are quite well, Mrs. Wilson." Just then all left the church.

Olive Wilson had seen better days. She was born in Cortland, N. Y., was the daughter of Jonathan Maine. Her mother died at her birth, leaving the little babe to be reared by strangers. The father soon married again and the stepmother, not wanting the care of Olive, finally prevailed on the father to give Olive to Philip Nale. He, having no children, was well pleased with Olive. He gave her a good common school

education. She was a smart, industrious girl and, moreover, she was very amiable. Mr. and Mrs. Nale always seemed to think everything of Olive; were loath to have her marry John Wilson, who was a worthy young man. However they were married and moved to Ocelia, where I first found them.

When poor Mrs. Wilson was well again she was looking for her washing, on which she depended for her living when well. She had lost Mrs. Dr. Jones. Mrs. Jones said it was such a trial to have her around with two small children.

Mrs. Wilson had passed through many trials; sickness and death came, robbing her of her loved ones. Her husband being a carpenter, was working on Judge Lain's house when the ladder slipped, throwing him to the ground, breaking one arm, besides he sustained other injuries which proved fatal, leaving Mrs. Wilson with four small children, the eldest being less than eight years old. That same summer the children had scarlet fever. The two eldest died and were laid beside their father, leaving Mrs. Wilson almost broken hearted. She trusted in a living God; her hopes were beyond this life, yet she must struggle on and work. She had two small children to support. My reader, that poor woman left to the mercy of a cold world, struggled with poverty. Heart broken!

How oft, in her lonely home, has she wept in the dark watches of the night, asking God to guide and protect her and her little ones.

I will now leave her, thinking how long this state of society will remain.

CHAPTER IV.

CHANGES IN THE NEW HOME.

As time bore us along with all its cares, mixed with joy and sorrow, we once more enter the home of Edward Hull. Here we find Rosie a mother, having given birth to a beautiful daughter. With what pride the young couple looked upon their darling baby! Was there ever such care and devotion lavished upon a child?

Next came the naming. Soon there came a letter from his parents, saying to name the little one after its grandmother. Edward said: "Mary Fitz Gerald is a good name; that was my mother's maiden name, why not call her that?"

Rosie gave Edward a beseeching look and said: "My mother's name is Annie; I think that a good name."

"Yes," said Edward, "but you know the Fitz Geralds have royal blood. My mother always thought so much of the Fitz Geralds I should like to keep up the name of her progenitors, so we'll call her Mary Anna Fitz Gerald, and so it was decided.

Edward said, "I've everything to live for; this dear little one of ours gives me new life. How I love the little log-house that shelters my wife and child. Here are all my hopes and joys."

It was thus we find Edward happy in his new home, clearing up land and setting out a fine orchard of choice fruit trees. His whole mind was to have a home with all the luxuries hands could provide. With Rosie and little Mary in good health what more could he ask for.

So time passed on for three years; Edward often went to the lake fishing, as he had made a beautiful boat for that purpose, calling it the "Good Luck." He often caught large strings of fish. Often he would take Rosie and little Mary along for a sail.

Giles Allen and Edward had always been the best of friends. Edward often said to Rosie, "I'm sorry for Deacon Allen; he has no one to care for him."

Deacon Allen had buried his wife some two years before, leaving him all alone in the world, as one would say. He had no relatives to sympathize with him. Soon after he was ordained a deacon. From his youth up he bore the reputation of being grave and sedate, thoughtful and pure-minded. You always found him at the church on Sunday, often walking six miles. He said it was the Lord's day and he would serve Him and no other. Edward being

his nearest neighbor, was often seen with him on the way to the Green Lake for fish.

It was the 10th of September on a beautiful autumnal day, Edward said to Rosie, "The deacon and myself are going fishing." By that time little Mary had her arms around his neck and said: "I go, papa." Edward gave her a kiss, telling her to run to mamma, which she did. Edward followed, laughing, and said: "I'll kiss mamma," and did. Then he immediately started for the lake, where he soon met Deacon Allen. They hastened to the boat and were soon out on the deep waters, casting their lines for fish. There were no fish; no luck that day. About that time Edward cast his eyes up and exclaimed, "We're going to have a shower, let's hurry for the shore." Soon they were on their way, when they were overtaken by the wind and rain. Deacon Allen said he never saw anything like it before. It rained, it hailed and thundered and lightened. The thunder fairly shook the lake. As Deacon Allen said, he never saw such a tempest before. The wind swept everything in its course, when all of a sudden it struck the boat, turning it upside down. The next thing they found themselves struggling in the water. They had lost their oars and were unable to get into the boat again, so started for the shore. As they were nearing the shore Edward grew weak. The deacon saw Edward was growing weak and tried to get to

him, hoping to assist him, but it was of no use, for he sank before the deacon could reach him. The deacon said he never expected to reach the shore, but as luck would have it, the wind changed and he was drifted toward the shore, where he caught on to a fallen tree, where he rested for a while. Finally he managed to reach shore, crawled up on the bank where he lay completely exhausted. "I can't tell how long I lay there," said the deacon; "the time seemed very long." After a while I grew stronger; I got up, found I could walk. How strange everything seemed! I was fairly bewildered, hardly knew my own name. Yet I knew something must be done. I felt I could not break the news to Rosie, so started for John Lamb's. I knew he had two sons at home, and we should need help. I reached the Lamb homestead just as they had finished dinner. I told them what had happened."

It was decided that Mr. and Mrs. Lamb should go immediately to Edward's home and break the sad news to Rosie. The deacon changed his clothes and started with the Lamb boys for the lake. It was soon decided that they could do nothing without a boat. Jim Lamb started for Edward's barn, saddled his horse and was soon on his way to Ocelia, running the horse all the way, stopping only at Uncle Burley's to tell them the sad news. However they soon had a boat with twenty-five men

on the way to the lake. They were determined to recover the body that night if possible.

It was just before sunset when they arrived at the lake. The sun was shining, not a cloud to be seen and a beautiful rainbow expanded the earth. All were anxious to recover the body, so immediately set themselves to work dredging the lake. It was not a long job, as Deacon Allen knew very near the spot where Edward's body sank. As luck would have it, the body was soon recovered and taken to the shore, where it was gently lifted into a wagon, then taken to the house, which was filled with sympathizing friends, Uncle Burley being among the number, and he did not forget to bring Charles and Alice along to comfort Rosie in her sorrow.

The reader will remember Mr. and Mrs. Lamb started to go and break the news to Rosie. Arriving there about three o'clock, they found Rosie down to the road watching for Edward's return, her dinner waiting. As Mr. Lamb reined up his horse and stopped he could see Rosie had an inquiring look, as much as to say, "What has happened?" Mr. and Mrs. Lamb tried to appear calm and composed. At the same time Mr. Lamb remarked, "We came to spend the afternoon." Rosie invited them into the house, telling them that Edward had gone to the lake and had not returned, and that she was afraid something had happened, as there

had been such a hard tempest. Mrs. Lamb remarked it had all cleared away and then asked where little Mary was. Rosie looked up smiling and said, "She is having her afternoon nap."

Mr. Lamb had just stepped outside the door when Mrs. Lamb remarked about the changes in the weather. "It reminds me of the changes in our lives," she said, "we are happy in the morning and before night find ourselves sorely afflicted, often bereft of loving friends. God is our friend; He'll help us in all our sorrows if we trust in Him." Then hesitatingly remarked, "Rosie, there's been a sad accident today."

Rosie commenced crying and exclaimed, "I know something has happened to Edward. Do tell me quick or I shall go wild."

Mrs. Lamb looked at Rosie, her whole heart was filled with love and sympathy and at the same time told her she must be calm and bear up under her afflictions. "You know this world is full of sorrow. Your Heavenly Father will care for you."

By that time Rosie understood all and gave a look of wild despair, exclaiming, "Kill me! I can never live to see my loving husband wrapped in the cold arms of death." Mrs. Lamb stood smoothing her hair gently, telling her what could not be helped must be endured. Rosie clasped her hands as one in despair and

exclaimed, "I know I rave like one who has lost their mind, but who can be calm when the heart is breaking! Help me, Oh, my God! in this trying hour!"

By that time she had fallen to the floor insensible, only reviving enough to call Edward's name. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb lifted her on to the bed and administered to every want. It was just at twilight when the solemn procession arrived bearing Edward's body to his room for the last time. Poor Rosie was unconscious of what was going on. Alice was sitting near her bedside, caring for every want. Little Mary was crying and clinging to her mother, not knowing what it all meant, for she had never seen death before.

Next morning Rosie looked like a marble statue, clinging to little Mary and exclaiming, "I live for you!"

No pen can write the sorrow of those days. Edward's manly body was laid in his Uncle Burley's burying ground at Ocelia. Charles and Alice stayed with Rosie. What a comfort Alice was, always sharing in Rosie's afflictions and pointing to a just God who doeth all things for the best.

Mr. Burley did not forget to write Edward's parents at once, explaining every detail. Deacon Allen and the Lambs were ready to do everything in their power to aid and assist in securing Rosie's crops.

Mr. Burley thought it best for Rosie to come to his home and stay until he should hear from Edward's parents. Charles was obliged to leave as he had made arrangements to enter Union College, and had to go at once. Rosie and Alice stayed long enough to pack up all the things in the house, so as to be ready to go with Mr. Burley to Ocelia.

It was with a sad heart Rosie was getting ready to leave her home, shedding tears most of the time. Alice knew Rosie must have a change of scene or she would be beside herself.

When Mr. Burley came everything was ready. Rosie was the last one to leave the house. She loved the little log-house. It was there she had buried all earthly hopes.

As they were seated in the wagon and started Rosie cast a long and anxious look at the little log-house, thinking how many happy days she had passed in it. Uncle Burley was somewhat in a hurry and urged his horse along, reaching Ocelia about three o'clock, Aunt Polly meeting Rosie at the door. She put her arms around her neck and said: "My dear child, how much you have suffered! Be assured you are with friends who will love and care for you. This shall be your home until you wish to leave it."

CHAPTER V.

MANY CHANGES.

In the southern part of New England we find Mr. Hull on the farm, where we left him five years ago, prospering in business, accumulating a snug little fortune for his declining years. Often he received letters from Edward and Rosie, stating how well they were getting along, having paid up the mortgage on the farm and that they were thinking of coming East to visit their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hull were so much pleased to hear such good news from their children and concluded to go to John North's and spend the day and let them know they were expecting Edward and family for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Hull, as well as Mr. and Mrs. North, were overjoyed to think of their children coming home. It had been five years since they had left their New England home.

As Mr. Hull was driving along towards home he said to his wife, "I'll stop at the post office. We might hear from the children."

It was nearly sunset when he came out of the post office. He looked somewhat sad and

anxious. He had received a letter with a black seal. He knew there was sad news for him. He put the letter in his pocket, not saying a word to his wife about the letter, thinking he would read it before any one should hear its bad tidings. When he had driven home he helped Mrs. Hull out of the wagon and hurried to the barn, where he opened the letter Mr. Burley had sent him. There is no one who knows what passed in that barn. Surely he looked like one who had a fit of sickness, for he was as white as he could be. Finally he took the letter to the house, showing it to the family. Mrs. Hull could not say one word, but buried her face in her apron, and moaned, refusing to be comforted, saying, "Oh, my boy, my boy! I shall never see him again."

That mother never got over the shock of Edward's death, but lived a prayerful life, waiting to join her son when she had finished life's journey. Mr. Hull sent his hired man to John North's to let them know about Edward's death, requesting them to come to his house. There must be something done; Rosie and Edward's child could not stay away from their friends.

About nine o'clock next morning 'Squire North and wife were seen driving down the long lane to Mr. Hull's place. I tell you it was a sad day. Mr. North and wife loved Edward as their own child, and to think of Rosie being left alone!

Mrs. Hull said: "I am afraid it will kill Rosie, for her whole mind was set on Edward. I never saw such a devoted couple. We must send some one for Rosie and the little one."

Mr. Hull finally said: "I can't go, for my health is very poor. My doctor says I've heart trouble. I could not stand the journey, but I will write Silas Burley this day; he can come and bring Rosie and the little one. I'm willing to pay all the expenses. He has a son at home to look after his business and there's Alice to look after the house. He could come with a pair of horses and bring Sister Polly along; I've not seen her in twenty years. It is certainly impossible for me to think of going. Besides, Silas has traveled over the road a number of times. I'll write him at once."

(The letter.)

"PINE HILL, Oct. 10, 18—.

"Brother Silas:

"I received your kind letter and truly feel grateful for your kindness. You can't realize what a gloom it has cast over my home. My wife has been almost beside herself. There is not one of my family but what feels our loss sorely. As for myself, I never had anything that shocked me like Edward's death. I can't realize it as yet. Edward was such a promising young man, always a dutiful son. I am about to ask a great favor of you:

"Will you care for Rosie and little Mary? I think it best to sell the farm, if you can get a good price; it would be better to rent it if you should not be able to sell it. After you have settled up the business and everything is all right, give Rosie what is left of the money, then take Rosie and little Mary and bring them East. Do bring Sister Polly along. I've not seen her in twenty years. I'll pay all the expenses of your journey. Will you do me this great favor?

"Please write at once. My family is all in usual health. Remember me to your family and tell Rosie to bear up under her afflictions; she's not the only one that mourns. Please write soon.

"Yours respectfully,

"CHARLES HULL."

The letter reached Silas Burley in due season. The arrangements were soon made for Mr. Burley and wife Polly to come with Rosie and little Mary. It was decided that they should come with a pair of horses, so as to bring such things as could be packed in the wagon.

Mr. Burley had not sold the farm, but finally concluded to rent it to Deacon Allen for three years. He had sold everything but Edward's horse. He thought he would take that down to Edward's father, knowing how much he would

prize it, as it was the same horse Edward had driven from his father's home five years before.

It was a beautiful warm winter's day, the 15th of December, Mr. Burley with his possessions had started for the East, having good weather most of the way. He made the journey in thirteen days, thinking he would surprise Mr. Hull, for in fact he had not as yet answered his letter.

On the 28th of December Mr. Hull happened to be standing in front of the house looking up the long lane, when all of a sudden he saw a two-horse wagon turn down the lane, not thinking who it might be.

Mr. Hull met them at the gate. How surprised to see Silas Burley, the good and generous man, always doing good for others. Poor Rosie was thinking how five years before she had started from that very spot with such bright prospects, now to return under such circumstances, leaving Edward so far away in a lonely grave was too much for her to bear. Mr. Hull did not know his sister, she had changed so much; yet she wore a calm and heavenly look. All were surprised to see Rosie look so sad; her cheeks had lost their rosy hue. Little Mary was delighted to see her grandparents; she had been taught to love and reverence them. Mrs. Hull clasped her in her arms, saying: "She has Edward's dark brown hair and hazel eyes; looks as he did at her age. I will take

her to my heart and home, hoping and trusting she may be as good and true as he."

Rosie continued weeping, yet she had the sympathy of all. Mr. Hull and family were overjoyed, thinking Rosie and Mary had returned and Mr. Burley and wife came for a visit. All were in tears, thinking of the changes time had wrought.

Who of us know what a day may bring forth. We live in a fairy dream, building air castles, always seeing them in the far off future. Such is life; made up of joys and sorrows. We are ushered into existence, not knowing why, only to be wafted on like the clouds that are moved by every wind. It's the wind of circumstances that wafts us on with Hope pointing to bright skies. It's Hope that cheers us o'er the dark river and gives us courage to say "God's will be done."

CHAPTER VI.

DR. JONES STILL IN OCELIA.

It was four years ago I left Dr. Jones and wife at the church. I returned to find them still living in Ocelia.

I found the doctor much changed since I saw him last. He seemed to have a disappointed appearance, yet one could see he had not lost his dignity nor gentlemanly appearance. He was spending most of his leisure time at the tavern when not attending to his patients. He looked like one on the downward road to ruin. How many there have been beset on the highway of life by the accursed stuff called rum. Some of the best intellects have been paralyzed by it and still the trade goes on. We see them falling on every side, victims to the dreadful stuff.

Mrs. Jones was still a leader in society, or at least tried to be. She had more interest in missionary work than her own home, not seeming to see the change in her own husband. She had no hired girl and was away from home most of the time, using most of the money the doctor

earned. The doctor was refused credit at the store a month before. Mr. Dye told him his bill was already one hundred and twenty-five dollars and had been running over a year, and he could not let any more goods go on credit.

Three months before the doctor had his horse and wagon attached for debt, contracted before coming to Ocelia.

I felt sorry for the doctor. He's a kind-hearted man. I think his debts were worrying him. He looked lonesome—his wife was away so much of the time, leaving him to board at the tavern. The doctor was not feeling well, as he said, and had sent for his wife to come home. When she arrived she told him she could never stay there, for it was so lonesome. She wanted to go where there was something going on. She had not been home long when she commenced begging the doctor for fifty dollars, telling him she must go and see the Barnes'. "You know I had such a good time there last Christmas. Ellen is to be married soon. I've written them I was coming and I don't want to disappoint them; besides, Ellen wants me to help select her wedding outfit. The wedding will be one of the grandest ever celebrated in Bingo. I must have a new dress for the occasion. I want a sky-blue silk. That won't cost much, and besides, it would be so becoming. I always looked well in blue. I hope you'll not disappoint me about the money. There's Henry Hale you've

been doctoring for six months and a number of others. I think I could get along with fifty dollars and make a respectable appearance."

The doctor was seated by the window looking outside with an anxious look when he exclaimed: "Almira, I can't promise. I want to pay my store bill. Mr. Dye refused me a credit long ago. I've promised to pay him when Mr. Hale pays me."

"But Doctor," said Mrs. Jones, "you can go up to Mr. Hale's this evening and Mr. Dye won't know anything about it. He can wait a while longer."

"But, Almira, I don't want to do that. I've promised Mr. Dye and don't want to break my promise. Besides, I'm tired of living this way. I've been in debt ever since I came to this place and was owing some before. I wish you would stay at home and give me a chance to pay my bills."

Mrs. Jones looked somewhat flushed in her face and snarled out: "Why, Doctor, you don't mean for me to stay at home and not go to Mrs. Barnes'; Ellen would be so disappointed. I'm sure I should not have an invitation to the wedding, and I don't want to miss that. The Burleys will be invited and will surely go."

The doctor was getting almost out of patience and said: "Almira, the Burleys are rich; you can't expect to keep up with them."

"Surely, Doctor, if I get my sky-blue silk I

shall look as well as any of the Burleys. If Alice goes she will wear that old brown silk she's had so long, and she looks just like an old maid in it. Doctor, be sure and go up to Mr. Hale's this evening. I want the money so I can go to Bingo to-morrow."

Dr. Jones was seen wending his way towards Henry Hale's, looking like one forsaken. He was heard to say to himself, "Oh, what shall I do? I promised Mr. Dye and I don't want to break my promise. Almira is determined to go. I suppose I shall have to let her have a part of the money. How I wish she would stay at home! I'm tired lounging around the hotel, but what can I do?"

By that time he had reached the Hale place, where he rapped at the door and was shown into the house. Mr. Hale was away, but would return soon, so he waited. Finally Mr. Hale came. The doctor put out his hand toward Mr. Hale and at the same time exclaimed: "I don't see but what you are looking just as well as you did before you were sick."

"Yes, Doctor," said Mr. Hale, "I feel much better than I had felt for a long time. You seemed to know just what to do for me. I'll settle with you at once."

He paid the doctor seventy-five dollars, which was all that was due him. The doctor immediately set out for home. It was nearly ten o'clock when he arrived there, tired and discouraged.

His wife was anxiously waiting his return. She looked up smilingly and said: "You're back again? What luck?"

"My luck is bad enough," said the doctor; "I sometimes wish I had never had an existence. I often think when I was at my mother's home she always greeted me with a smile, always encouraged me. How much she sacrificed! I could never have had nine years' study to fit myself for the profession if she hadn't taken in sewing and boarders to help me along, although I did all I could. My father died when I was a baby; my mother now sleeps by his side. I sometimes think it would be a pleasure to join them."

Mrs. Jones was watching him with an anxious look all the time and said: "Why, James, are you crazy? I never saw you in such a mood before."

The doctor was thinking about the seventy-five dollars and wishing he might pay it to Mr. Dye as he had promised. He gently explained to his wife, urging her to stay at home so as to give him a chance to pay up some of his debts; some of them had been running a long time.

About that time Mrs. Jones flew into a rage and exclaimed: "Why, James, you don't mean for me not to go to the Barnes'? I've set my heart on it and can't give it up, nor I won't."

Then she commenced crying. It was thus the conversation ended that night.

Next morning Mrs. Jones was up at an early hour with breakfast on the table. The doctor was somewhat surprised to see the breakfast at such an early hour. Just as Mrs. Jones was sitting down to the table the doctor took from his pocket forty dollars, laid it on his wife's plate, asking if that would do. She grabbed it up spitefully and said, "I wanted fifty dollars." So he laid down ten dollars more and immediately started for Mr. Dye's store to give him the twenty-five he had left, at the same time telling Mr. Dye he would pay as fast as he could, then started for the tavern, where he stayed until he had a call to go and see a patient.

Mrs. Jones was busy shopping and getting ready for her journey. The doctor arrived home about eight o'clock that night, finding his wife making a bead pocketbook to take with her on her journey next day. She looked somewhat excited as the doctor entered and exclaimed: "Oh, doctor, I'm in such a hurry. I've not cooked anything to-day. Got my dinner over to Mrs. Hobbs'. I thought you could get yours at the hotel."

The next day was Friday and at seven o'clock Mrs. Jones took her seat in the stage and was soon on her way to Bingo. After being left alone the doctor said to himself: "How unhappy I am here all alone! My wife cares noth-

ing for me; what is life to me! I've no one who cares for me. I once thought Almira loved me, but I was deceived. There was Martha Long; I know she loved me. Let others say what they may, I well remember the last time I saw her; such a kind heart, always trying to make others happy. I've often regretted not going to see her after hearing the story of her engagement. Here I am, I care not what becomes of me. Why does God condemn man for taking his own life when life has been a failure? My home is just no home at all. Oh, if I could sleep that long last sleep that knows no waking! I'll fix a drug this very minute that will put an end to my misery." He arose from his chair and commenced pacing the room, when all of a sudden there came a loud rap at the door. He stood still as one amazed and exclaimed: "Who dares to intrude on me at this time? I'm not in a mood to see anyone, but then I'll open the door and see." As he opened the door to his amazement there stood Harry Arnold, his old schoolmate. Harry was looking well and happy, as if time had dealt gently with him. The doctor put out his hand and pulled Harry into the house, not saying a word, for he knew not what to say. After seating Harry the doctor pulled his chair up close beside Harry and commenced by saying: "Harry, you have come from my old home, how are you and the people there?"

"Quite well, I think. I left home some two months ago," said Harry; "I've started for Lake Erie. I've an uncle living there. I thought I'd take a trip off and see the country. I've always stayed at home and never seen much of the world, so I started. I thought I must stop and see how you were prospering."

"Harry, I'm not prospering at all."

"Why, doctor, I heard you had a good business."

"Well, yes, Harry, but that don't make people happy."

Harry was looking out of the window when all of a sudden he exclaimed, "Doctor, do tell me what is the trouble. I saw something was wrong as soon as I came in. Do tell me. You used to tell me everything when you were living at your old home."

"There have been many changes since then," said the doctor.

"Yes, some good and some bad. I see, doctor, you are looking blue or at least on the dark side of life. I did not expect to find you in such a gloomy mood. Do tell, perhaps I can be of service to you."

"Harry, I don't believe in revealing one's domestic affairs."

"Oh," said Harry, "I see you need a friend; you will find me to be a true one. You have trusted me with many a secret."

The doctor was pacing the room with a quick

nervous step, but finally turned around so that Harry caught a glimpse of his haggard face, which was very pale. About that time he slapped Harry on the shoulder and exclaimed: "You came just in time. I was about to commit suicide. I'm tired of living."

"Why, doctor, you frighten me; that is an unpardonable sin. So I came just in time to save you? I wish I had come last night—I stayed at the tavern. I didn't know where to find you, so I thought I would look you up this morning. Where is your wife?"

"Well," said the doctor, "she's gone to Bingo and I don't know when she'll return. She's away from home most of the time. She lives for society and her own pleasure."

"But, doctor, can't you prevail on her to stay at home?"

"No," said the doctor, "she cares nothing for me; money and society is all she wants."

"Doctor, it is a mistake you ever married her. Sometimes people get mismated."

"I've seen it to my sorrow," said the doctor.

"Dr. Jones, do tell me what was the trouble with you and Martha Long. I always supposed her to be a very amiable young lady, and it did seem strange that you should leave her and marry Almira Brown."

"Harry, I'll tell you in a few words.

"I've often regretted it. When I left home for college there was a young man came to our

place and visited the Longs. It was generally thought he was Martha's lover. When I came home I was told that Martha was engaged to him, and they were soon to be married."

"Why, doctor, who told you such a falsehood?"

The doctor looked up with surprise and exclaimed: "Harry, I'm going to be frank with you. It was Almira Brown, who is my wife now. She said Martha told her. I never doubted her. It was a hard blow to me, for I loved Martha with my whole heart. Yet, there was nothing for me to do but to submit to the inevitable. I tried to make the best of it and I should have gone to see Martha if it had not been for my pride. I was often thrown into Almira's society. She was fascinating, so you see it ended in marriage. We soon after came to this place, where you find us."

"Dr. Jones, I am surprised and will explain. I think I can tell you some news. The young man you spoke of was Martha's brother; he ran away from home when he was only fifteen years old and became a wild reckless boy. His father disowned him. The mother died of grief, thinking of her long lost boy. After a few years of wandering the exile longed for his old home, and the familiar faces there. He had never forgotten his sister Martha, for she was a true and loving sister. Not wanting his

father to know he passed under an assumed name and was once more under his father's roof. There were none in the place who knew him, so it was rumored that he was Martha's intended husband. Martha could not explain until she could reconcile her father to her brother. Then all was explained. How often circumstances change one's life. Martha still lives at the old home, caring for her father in his declining years."

Dr. Jones sat as one entranced, not moving his eyes from his friend, who was telling him such news. Finally he got up and exclaimed: "Harry Arnold, I am surprised! Could Almira have told me such a falsehood! I always thought there was something wrong. Almira never wanted me to talk of the affair afterwards. Well, Harry, it is passed and can't be helped. Let us go and get some dinner, for it's past three o'clock. I have to go to the hotel for my meals. You say you are going to leave here to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, doctor, I've made arrangements to leave here in the morning. I may come back this way, and if I do I'll stop and see you. Be sure and keep up good courage. There is good luck in store for you yet. I shall want to hear from you and that you are prospering. Now, doctor, make one more start in life. If I can be of any service to you I shall do it with the

greatest of pleasure. When I arrive at my uncle's at Lake Erie I'll write you." About that time the doctor had a call to go and see a sick man. It was thus the doctor and Harry parted.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO NEW ENGLAND.

It was thus I took my leave of Harry Arnold and Dr. Jones so as to return to New England, where I looked after the friends who had returned to their old home—Rosie and little Mary Hull.

It was in the spring, when the birds were singing their sweetest lays, the apple trees were still in blossom; all nature seemed to smile as it awoke from its long winter's sleep—a charming season. The sun was shining in all its splendor as I alighted from the stage coach and entered 'Squire North's house at Willow Vale, where I found Rosie and little Mary. Rosie, or Mrs. Hull I might say, as she was the widow of Edward Hull and was sometimes called the handsome young widow. I must say Rosie had changed much. She was a picture of health and beauty. She had rather a sad look, which made her still more interesting. She had very recently buried her father, whose death was a sad blow to her. Poor Mrs. North, the ever kind and patient woman, often remarked: "Why

should we grieve and mourn when your father was so anxious to go? He longed for the time when he should be numbered with the just in the great beyond." 'Squire North was a man who was highly respected in his native town, where his memory will be cherished.

Rosie had always made her home with Mr. Hull's people (they were Edward's parents). Mr. and Mrs. Hull often visited at the North homestead, sympathizing with the family in their bereavement. They loved Rosie as their own child, and besides there was little Mary, who resembled her father, consequently was a pet with her grandparents.

Now that Rosie's father had passed on to the great beyond, her mother being reconciled to the all supreme power, Mrs. North trusted in her Heavenly Father, hoping some day to meet her loved ones where there would be no more parting, no sorrow, no more tears. It was thus Rosie left her mother's home and returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hull, who had been to Mrs. North's spending the day. Mr. and Mrs. Burley also accompanied them. It had been a long time since Mr. and Mrs. Burley, with Rosie and little Mary, came to New England to make their visit. It was already planned that Rosie and little Mary were to make their home with the Hull family.

The next Monday was the day set for Mr. and Mrs. Burley to start on their return trip.

They were getting somewhat anxious to get home. Alice had written often, telling them how well they were getting along. Yet she was hoping to see them home soon.

On their way from Mrs. North's little Mary sat on the front seat chatting with her grandfather in her childish way, asking all kinds of questions. She was always happy and contented when in his company. Just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills Mr. Hull reined up at the front door with his precious load, where each one was assisted to alight. The evening passed off pleasantly and finally all retired. Poor Rosie found herself in bed courting sleep. Little Mary was already fast asleep, while Rosie lay musing; her mind ran thus: "What is life but a vain dream?" By that time the tears were streaming from her eyes. She could not repress them longer. I sometimes think it a relief to cry when one's heart is full of grief. Finally Rosie dropped into a calm slumber, when she dreamed of Edward and the little log-house where she had been so happy. She awoke next morning, which was Sunday morning, only to find she had been dreaming. The sun rose bright and beautiful; everything looked so calm and peaceful that all decided to go to church at Robin Hill, about three miles away from their home. This church was where Mrs. Burley had always attended when a girl and also it was where she and Mr.

Burley were married some twenty-five years before. How pleasant were the recollections of her childhood days. The reader may imagine how Mrs. Burley felt that day. She never expected to come there again, yet it was a holy spot to her. The good pastor, Mr. Tilley, spoke that day on "He will bless them that fear the Lord," the 115th psalm, 13th verse. It was a good sermon. All felt that they had been blessed while listening to the words that came from the pastor's lips. When he had ceased speaking all joined in singing the Doxology.

After the service was over all approached Mr. and Mrs. Burley, bidding them a long farewell.

It was thus Mr. and Mrs. Burley took their leave of their friends, never expecting to see them again. Their hearts were light, having that blessed assurance of a hope beyond the grave. How sweet to have a hope! It lights us through the dark valley and gives us courage to say, "God's will be done."

About three o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hull, with Mr. and Mrs. Burley, and Rosie and little Mary arrived home from church, finding a good warm dinner on the table waiting their return. Mr. Hull's only daughter, Mary Vaughan, had come to see her uncle and aunt before leaving for their up-country home. She had prepared the dinner, and a good one it was.

The afternoon was spent in social chat. Finally it was decided for all to visit the family

burying ground, which was only a few rods from the house. In those days there were no cemeteries. All well-to-do farmers had their burying plot upon the farm.

All retired early that night so as to rise early in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Burley were anxious to get started at an early hour, as they had a long journey. It would be many days before they would reach their home. However, Monday morning came. The roosters had been crowing for two hours. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, such a morning we scarcely ever see. Birds were flitting from tree to tree while butterflies and honey-bees were busily at work. One could hear the tinkling of the cow bell as the chore boy drove the cows to pasture. All nature seemed to rejoice.

About seven o'clock Mr. Burley and his good wife were ready for a start. Having bid their friends a long and affectionate good-bye while joining hands and singing, "We Take the Parting Hand," Mr. and Mrs. Hull and Mr. and Mrs. Burley parted, never to meet again on earth, hoping and trusting to meet beyond when life's journey should end.

As they were driving up the long lane towards the main road Rosie walked beside the carriage. She felt sad to see them go. It reminded her of friends far away. When she spoke of Edward she commenced sobbing and crying. Mr. Burley begged her to be calm, for

this life was short. "It is much better to be cheerful and happy, and remember you have little Mary to love and care for." She bade them good-bye and returned to the house, where she found Mr. and Mrs. Hull looking sad. Soon each and every one took up their daily cares.

Time passed on for two or three years. Rosie felt happy and contented and perfectly at home. Little Mary was as happy as she could be. However that couldn't always last---everything has an end. Rosie had made the acquaintance of Sarah Tree. Sarah lived about a mile across the fields from Mr. Hull's. She owned her home. It was where her parents had lived. She was born in the old house, the one that stood where her father built the new one. Sarah's life had not been as happy as it should have been. She and her husband were not congenial. He was what people call a good, clever fellow, one that showed all of his goodness outside of home, and surely such a man has no principle and is not worthy of a home when a man's wife is the last one to be pleased; surely her pleasures are few. How many wives have been wooed and wedded and still have no husbands! The man she calls husband is just a good clever fellow and not much of a man. Sarah found sympathy with Rosie, and so confided in her. When Rosie would go to Sarah's and hear her troubles she would forget her own and go

home feeling quite happy. How many lives have been blighted by being mismated!

Elijah Hull was Mr. Hull's only son. He had married Nancy Small fifteen years previous to their coming to Mr. Hull's to live. They had formally lived at Jamestown on one of Mr. Small's farms. Elijah was a hard working man, had accumulated quite a little sum to start with, yet he was not contented. He wanted to do more business and make more money. He was talking of leaving Jamestown. It was about that time that he received a letter from his father, who was getting along in years, and did not feel able to carry on his farming, to say nothing of other business. Finally it was decided that Elijah and family should move home to his father's so as to take charge of the farm. Elijah thought it a grand chance and moved his wife and three sons home the 25th of March.

Joseph was the eldest, he was 12; next was Frank, who was 10, and Edward was the youngest, about the age of little Mary. He was named after her father. Now that Elijah had moved home everything was changed. Elijah had one-half of the house; Rosie gave up her room and took a smaller one. Elijah's wife said she could not get along without the room. Soon Rosie began to feel she was not at home. Everything was so changed; even little Mary was not happy. The boys seemed to take de-

light in teasing her. She could not play out doors as she had done. She often entered complaints to her mother. Rosie could do nothing with the boys, as they were determined to do just as they pleased. When Rosie's patience was exhausted she would take little Mary over to her mother's and make a long visit. Mrs. North was delighted to have Rosie and Mary come. She often tried to prevail with Rosie, so as to have her come home and stay. She said it would be a great comfort to have her home.

After Elijah moved home with his boys Mary, as I said before, could not play out of doors as she had done. The boys would throw down her play-house and call her names. There was one name they took delight in which annoyed her more than all the rest. This name was "Up-country witch." When they called her that name she seemed to lose all self-control and would bound into the house, declaring she would not stay there. One day she was playing down by the brook. She was a great lover of nature and loved to play down by the brook. She had gathered a fine bunch of wild flowers—she had a liking for flowers. Just as she had arranged them to suit her taste Joseph came up and threw mud all over them. Then he remarked, "They are fine!" She threw the flowers at him and started for the house, screaming and crying at the top of her voice. She finally

told her grandmother she was going to leave there if the boys didn't stop abusing her. The grandmother finally coaxed and petted her until she became calm, at the same time promising Mary she would attend to Joseph.

When Joseph came to the house his grandmother asked why he was always plaguing his little cousin. His reply was, "Why, grandmother, I hope you don't believe everything that little witch says!"

"Yes, Joseph, I believe everything she says. I never caught her in a lie," said the grandmother. "You must be kind to your little cousin. You know she has no papa to love and care for her."

Rosie had given up all hopes of staying with the old people; patience had ceased to be a virtue. The boys grew worse every day. Even Elijah and Nancy seemed to think it all right for the boys to tease little Mary. Not only that, but they seemed to feel that Rosie had no right there.

Rosie had made up her mind to leave Mr. Hull's. Yet she had not explained her plans. Her interest was in central New York, where she still owned the farm. She had not forgotten the little log-house. She often received letters from Alice, begging her to return. Rosie had not forgotten how kind the people were to her and longed to see her friends once more. She was not long in deciding to return to

Ocelia. Deacon Allen was still living upon her farm, where she hoped some time to make her home. She often talked of Dr. Jones and his wife.

I will leave Rosie for the present while I talk about Dr. Jones and his wife, also other friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. JONES AND WIFE.

Harry Arnold did not leave Dr. Jones until he had promised to get board in a private family. The doctor said: "Mr. Burley is a good man and has a nice family. I'll see if I can't get board with them until Almira gets home."

The doctor was on his way to Mr. Burley's when he met Mr. Burley on the road. Mr. Burley said: "Doctor, you look lonesome."

The doctor looked up half smiling and said: "I am lonesome and tired of living at a hotel. I'd just started to come to your house to see if I could get board until Almira gets home."

Mr. Burley looked up laughing and said: "Well, doctor, you will have to see my wife, so come right along to dinner. Our latch string is always outside."

The doctor had been boarding at Mr. Burley's some two weeks and he looked more like himself and seemed quite cheerful. Mrs. Burley always had warm meals for him, besides she was cheerful and entertaining. The doctor could not help feeling at home.

One day he came from the Post Office with a letter from his wife, begging him to send her twenty-five dollars. He was having a good practice and felt quite encouraged, so sent the money. Mrs. Jones had been gone some four weeks and was coming home Saturday. The doctor seemed pleased to think his wife was coming so soon. Saturday came and also the stage came rumbling into the place just as it had for the last ten years, and in it came Mrs. Dr. Jones. The doctor was glad to see his wife, although he could not help thinking of Martha Long and how he had been deceived. However, he tried to forget and bury the past, not wishing to repeat to his wife what Harry had said.

Mrs. Jones was glad to get home. There was barely time to get ready for the wedding, which was coming off in two weeks. The first thing in order was a dressmaker to come to the house and sew. She had her dress cut at Bingo. She had other sewing besides her dress. The Burleys had been invited. Alice was making preparations. She had selected a plain white muslin, thinking it suitable for the occasion. Alice was quite a dressmaker, so made her own dress.

The wedding was near at hand. Mrs. Jones wanted the doctor to get a new suit so as to accompany her. He soon gave her to understand it would be impossible. Mrs. Jones being all ready, said she would go down two or three

days before the wedding—Ellen would be so pleased. The wedding was to be the 10th; it was already past the 6th.

Mrs. Jones was all ready and had gone to Bingo when, as luck would have it, Alice's brother Charles had just returned home for his vacation. He was anxious to attend the wedding, as his college chum would surely be there, for he lived near the Barneses. Charles had made arrangements so as to take Alice along. He was going with his father's horses and carriage. There were no cars running at that time, at least not in that part of the country. It was all stage coaches and canal boats. Automobiles had not been thought of.

Charles and Alice were to start at six o'clock in the morning. The sun rose in all its splendor just as Charles was driving from the door. Alice was looking happy—happy as she could be. All nature seemed to rejoice while the horses jogged along leisurely up and down the hills. It was a grand sight to see them on level ground, for they were well matched and good steppers. They stopped at the Fremont Hotel, where they had refreshments, feeding the horses, besides giving them a little rest. It was about four o'clock when Charles reined up at the Barnes place, which was one of the old land marks of the pioneer days. It was located in the suburbs of Bingo and quite a pretentious looking place. As Charles reined up at the

door and alighted there was some wondering as to who it might be. The horses were taken to the barn, while Alice and Charles were shown to the house. Alice felt somewhat embarrassed as she entered. Then she thought of Mrs. Jones and how well she was acquainted with her.

Charles was not long adjusting and dusting his clothes; then he descended the stairs and was ushered into the parlor. Mrs. Jones seemed to hold herself aloof and said to Ellen Barnes: "I'm tired of seeing that old brown silk."

By that time the guests had nearly all arrived. Charles had unexpectedly met his college chum, who was delighted to meet his friend. Alice descended the long flight of stairs, was shown to the parlor. Charles thought he had never seen his sister look so lovely. All eyes were turned towards the door as she entered. She looked just lovely in her pure white dress, which showed off her slender form in its most graceful manner. Her auburn hair was arranged in natural curls with no ornaments, save one white rose with one or two green leaves. Charles joined his sister at once, telling her: "Right this way, I want to introduce you to my friend." He led her across the room where his friend, Ellis, was standing, saying to his friend, "This is my sister, Augustus." Mr. Ellis thought he had never seen such grace and loveliness before. Alice was perfectly at ease, yet

one could see the rosy blush as it came and went on her dimpled cheeks. Augustus Ellis was a son of Thomas Ellis, or Judge Ellis. He had held the honorable office as judge for a number of years, which office he filled with honor to himself and townspeople. Consequently he was one of the most honored men in Bingo.

Judge Ellis had but two children, Augustus and Susannah. Judge Ellis and his wife were at the wedding, Mrs. Ellis being a very distinguished looking lady with silver gray hair, which was arranged very becomingly with shell combs. Her complexion was very fair, almost pink and white, which gave her a very youthful appearance. She wore a heavy black silk, made up plainly with no ornaments, just simply white lace collar and cuffs of the most exquisite lace.

The guests were waiting patiently to see the bride and groom ushered in. The ceremony was to be at five o'clock. They were not long waiting, for it was just five when the doors were thrown open. The groom entered with the bride leaning on his arm. They took their places and were soon made man and wife.

The groom was a tall well-built man with the air of a gentleman. The bride was of a short build and very fleshy. She had a satisfactory and a happy look, as much as to say: "Frederick Lyman is my husband." She was dressed in pure white almost enveloped in lace and flowers with many ribbon bows. Near by stood

Mrs. Dr. Jones, who was dressed in her sky-blue silk with nearly as many bows and flowers. Mrs. Jones put on many consequential airs; was very anxious to be introduced to Judge Ellis and family. By some mistake she had not been introduced to them. I think she was not in the room at the time they came.

Refreshments were brought in and served in a very elaborate style, displaying many antique dishes with old fashioned silver. The wedding was a grand affair. All had enjoyed it and were about to depart; so, wishing the bride and groom much joy and happiness, took their leave.

Mrs. Ellis wouldn't hear one word about Charles and Alice going to the hotel, but insisted that they should accompany her home. Charles made no objection, as he and Augustus were firm friends. Besides, one could see Augustus was deep in love with Alice. It was said Alice reciprocated his love. Finally it was decided that Charles and Alice would accompany Mrs. Ellis home. Mrs. Ellis thought she had never met such a charming young lady, so gentle and unassuming in her appearance.

Next morning, after being royally entertained at Judge Ellis', Charles and Alice were on their way home. Not, however, until Susannah had promised to come up and make a visit during the vacation. In all probability Augustus was included.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Charles

and Alice arrived home. Dr. Jones was at the house waiting to hear from his wife. How disappointed when he learned that she had not spoken to Alice nor Charles! Alice could give no reason, only Mrs. Jones had held herself aloof, not giving them a chance to speak. Mrs. Jones stayed almost a week after the wedding, but finally came home, feeling very important, as if she had accomplished some great end to which she had set her mark. She was glad to get home and told the doctor so. Said she was tired of hearing about Alice Burley being beautiful and accomplished. For her part, she could see no style in Alice Burley and thought her very plain. "I couldn't see what it was that the Ellis' saw so interesting," she said. "Even Augustus seemed to think Alice was the only one worthy of his attention."

As the wedding was a thing of the past and every one had returned to their avocation, appearing happy and contented, I'll say no more about the wedding, but return once more to New England, where I'll find the beautiful young widow, for beautiful indeed she was.

CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

It has seemed a long time since I had left Rosie and Mary in New England, so I returned once more to accompany them along life's rough road, through sunshine and through shadows, by the side of pleasant waters and upon life's stormy ocean, until I left them to look after others who would interest my readers.

I found Rosie and little Mary at her sister's at Willow Vale. She had left Mr. Hull's and was making arrangements to return to Ocelia. Her mother had broken up housekeeping and was living with her daughter Alligill, at Willow Vale. Mrs. North had passed her days of usefulness, yet her children were as fond of her as in her useful days. Rosie was making her arrangements to start for Ocelia in New York State, where she expected to make her home. Deacon Allen's time had nearly expired. She must look after the farm. Mrs. North said she could not think of Rosie leaving home and, besides, it was so far away she feared she would

never see her Rosie again. Rosie tried to comfort her mother, but finally said: "I have the farm, which will make me a good home. Besides, I have many friends out there. There's Uncle Burley—always been like a father. Alice is just like a sister. They are all anxious that I return, and there's Aunt Polly. I just long to see her. I think it's best to go."

By that time Mrs. North seemed reconciled to have her go. Rosie had explained to her mother by telling her she could not stay East unless she got a situation so as to work. Finally Mrs. North said: "Rosie, do as you think best."

Rosie had been telling her mother about leaving her Father Hull's. She had always called him father, and truly he was a good father. However everything was changed since Elijah came to live there. He and Nancy both seemed jealous of Rosie and little Mary. Nancy said she could see no reason why the Hulls should be so interested in Rosie. Edward was dead and she was nothing to the Hulls. Mr. and Mrs. Hull were much surprised when they found Rosie and little Mary were going to return to their up-country home. They were loath to have them go, but after thinking it over, Mr. Hull said: "I don't know but it's for the best. I know Rosie and little Mary were not happy here. Yet I shall provide for Edward's child."

Two or three days afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Hull were going to Willow Vale to visit with

Rosie and her mother and, moreover, they wanted to see little Mary before she left for her up-country home. Mr. Hull said to Mrs. Hull: "Mary's a beautiful child. It almost breaks my heart to part with her. There's Rosie, just as good as she can be."

"Yes, Charles," said Mrs. Hull, "you know we are getting to be old people and it will be all for the best."

When they had arrived at the Exeter Bank Mr. Hull said: "I've a little business here, will stop at the bank just for a short time." Mrs. Hull knew his business; he had said he should "provide for little Mary."

When they had arrived at Willow Vale they were surprised to find Mrs. North had broken up housekeeping. However they went to Alligill Smith's, Mrs. North's daughter, where they had a splendid visit. Mr. Hull gave Rosie much good advice and also told her if she ever needed friends or home to be sure and let him know. He would surely assist her. That was not all; he called little Mary to him and had a long chat. Finally he pulled a bank book from his pocket and presented it to Mary. She ran to her mother and handed the book to her to take care of, then ran back to her grandfather, clasping her arms around his neck and kissed him. The old man sat silent with the tears streaming down his pale face.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull had a nice visit and

started homeward; however, not until Rosie had promised to write often so as to keep them well posted about herself and little Mary.

After Mr. and Mrs. Hull had taken their leave Rosie opened the bank book, and to her surprise found Mary had one thousand dollars to her credit. Rosie said she should have Uncle Burley look after Mary's interest and by the time she is of age it will amount to quite a little sum. Rosie said she thought Father Hull came to bring the bank book so as to keep it a secret from Elijah and Nancy. He didn't want them to know what he was doing for Mary. Mrs. North seemed well pleased to think Mr. Hull had done so well for Mary. She said no more about Rosie going to Ocelia. Rosie said to her mother: "I'll drive over and see Sarah Lee a little while, as I'm to start to-morrow morning." So saying, donned her bonnet and shawl and was soon on her way, arriving at Sarah's just as she was leaving the house to look after some choice lambs. Sarah prided herself on her lambs. She said they would bring her a good price some day. However, Sarah was more than pleased to see Rosie. Sarah's husband was away, so Sarah had a good chance to tell Rosie her troubles. She said she felt sorry to have Rosie leave, as there was no one who could sympathize with her like Rosie. After chatting with Sarah a while Rosie started towards Willow Vale. What melancholy

thoughts passed through her mind as she drove along the lonely road, thinking it would be a long time before she would see those familiar scenes again—perhaps never.

That evening was hurriedly spent in packing and making the necessary arrangements for the journey. The journey was by stage route; also steamboat. Probably some of the way by canal-boat.

Next morning was fair, the air was warm and bland; the country never looked more refreshing. Long before the sun was up Mrs. North and her daughter, Rosie, were stirring, making preparations for the start. Rosie was not used to traveling. She awoke at an early hour, as she could not sleep. Arose more than two hours sooner than was necessary, as the stage coach was not due until seven. She said she might as well be up as in bed, as she couldn't sleep. It was just seven when the stage driver reined up at Mrs. Smith's door. Rosie and little Mary were all ready and waiting, so bade their friends good-bye and took their seats in the stage. The driver was not long in strapping the trunk to its proper place, then took his seat on top of the stage, giving his horses a crack with the whip and soon Rosie and little Mary were hurried away from their native home.

Just across the street from John Smith's lived his father, David Smith. Mr. Smith had

two sons, John, who married Rosie's sister, Alligill. It was there Mrs. North lived with her daughter, Alligill. Frank was the youngest of the Smith boys. He was a well looking man of thirty. He had never married. In his younger days he had set his heart on Rosie. They had played together in childhood days, had read from the same book when attending school. It almost broke Frank's heart when Rosie married Edward Hull. The morning Rosie and Mary started on their journey Frank was sitting by the chamber window, gazing at the stage, giving a long sigh as the stage bounded down the road by the Smith homestead.

Inside the stage there was an old gentleman and his wife who were bound for Stonington. They were strangers to Rosie. However they soon formed a stage coach acquaintance and conversed freely upon a variety of subjects. The old lady was not long in finding out who it was and where they were going, and remarked: "Goin' to New York, eh?" as she adjusted her spectacles, looking Rosie fully in the face.

Rosie replied by telling her she was going to New York and hoped she would have good luck.

The old lady, still gazing at Mary, remarked: "This little girl and you goin' all the way to New York alone?" And she still gazed at Mary with apparent interest while the husband

sat listening, for he seemed to have quite as much curiosity as his wife.

"Have you ever been in New York?" he asked.

Rosie told him she had not, but had traveled by carriage with her husband as far as Ocelia a number of years ago.

"You must have been quite young," said the old lady.

Rosie replied: "I was but seventeen."

"Er," she said, "married young?"

"Yes," said Rosie, "I was married eight years ago."

"Been a widow long?" said the old lady.

Rosie told her it was nearly three years since her husband died.

"Ah, young widow and well looking," said the old gentleman.

"You're flattering me," said Rosie, while her face was suffused with blushes.

"Not half so much as the young men will," added the good old man. "Let me tell you, young woman, I once lived in Boston. I know how full the city is of temptation. I fear you are inexperienced in traveling. Beware of men's flattering tongues. Believe not a tithe they may say to you. I'm old now and have been reading men's hearts for nearly four score years."

"And do you find them more wicked than you once supposed?" asked Rosie.

"Ah, young woman, a great deal more so," he replied.

"Yes, and wicked women, too," added the old lady.

"My wife has well added such a remark," he replied. "Yes, there is sinful women as well as sinful men. They will not hesitate to lead their own sex astray."

By that time the stage had stopped at a small village where the horses were exchanged for fresh ones, as they had been driven some twelve miles. The stop was a short one. Rosie said she was glad when there were no more passengers taken in, as she wanted to hear more from her aged companions and religious friends. It was only a short time before the stage was moving along at a high rate of speed.

"We are having a fine ride," said the old man.

"I was afraid the stage would be crowded before we reached Stonington," added the wife.

"I hope not," said Rosie. "I wish you were going on the boat so as to accompany me to New York. I hope I'll not be afraid. I never saw a steamboat."

"You must look out for the rowdies on board the boat," added the old man. "Steamboats carry all sorts of passengers. Among them are some very wicked ones. You must have an eye upon the villains if there should be any on board."

"I will endeavor to heed all your good advice. I'm sure you have given me some excellent advice. I hope I shall profit by it," said Rosie.

"May the Lord in his mercy help you to do so," added the old lady. "We have said nothing but what we believe to be true."

"Indeed you have not," said Rosie. "I shall find all kind of characters on board the boat. If they steal my purse they'll not find quite as much as they might wish for."

"They may not seek your purse," added the old man. "Your blue eyes might be more attractive than the purse."

About that time little Mary worke up. She had been sleeping most of the way. The old man remarked: "Nice little girl. I suppose she looks as her father did?"

"Yes," said Rosie, "she has his dark brown hair and hazel eyes; looks very much as he did."

"Born to a good fortune to look like the father," said the old lady.

The stage was driving up to a very respectable looking house which proved to be a stage house. Here they changed horses again. There was quite a number of young men standing around on the piazza, some smoking, some talking in a loud boisterous way, while some were gazing at the passengers as they alighted from the stage. As a rule the stage driver gave one

hour for refreshments. As Rosie passed into the sitting room one of the young men remarked: "Devlish good looking young woman." The old man was eyeing him cautiously, now and then giving him a sharp look. Rosie had taken a seat near a window, where she and little Mary were eating their dinner from a lunch basket. About that time a well looking man stood near the window gazing in at Rosie. Soon he took his seat in the sitting room directly opposite where she sat. He was a well looking man, had on a white beaver hat with a piece of black crepe around it. He eyed Rosie closely, as if he was going to speak, but good manners or fear of the old people prevented. He might have thought them to be her grandparents.

Just then the stage was at the door. Rosie took little Mary by the hand and hurried to the stage when, to her surprise, the young man offered to assist her with her basket. She thanked him and passed into the stage, and was once more jogging along towards Stonington.

The old man commenced talking about loafers hanging around stage houses and public places and expressed himself thus: "I don't like the jilt of that young man."

The old lady made some similar remarks of her dislikes. Rosie looked somewhat flushed and replied: "He's a fine looking man and dressed well. Did you see that ring upon his

finger? He had a very nice looking watch and chain. I saw him looking at his watch."

"That is all very well, my young friend. You can't judge people by the clothes they wear. Sometimes the most wicked wear the best clothes."

"I saw the young man speaking to you," said the old lady.

"Yes," replied Rosie, "he offered to assist me with my basket. I thought he was making himself too familiar, so declined any of his assistance."

Rosie agreed with the old people by telling them she should be on her guard and not form any acquaintances with strangers. So they dropped the conversation about the young man and commenced talking on religious subjects. Rosie found the old people well versed with the Bible. She felt she had had a very pleasant ride and had enjoyed the old people's company, but was nearing Stonington, where the old people were to leave the stage.

It was getting dark when the stage-driver reined up at a fine looking house. The old people alighted, for they were safely landed home, but not without bidding Rosie and little Mary a very affectionate farewell. Then Rosie was hurried down to the steamboat, as there was no time to be lost. Soon she was on the boat. How strange everything looked! She had never been on a boat before. She secured a

state-room where she and little Mary soon retired for the night. She said she did not feel safe anywhere else. There seemed to be a great crowd on the boat. Rosie could not forget the warnings of her old friends. However, she was determined not to make any acquaintances with strangers. She kept little Mary close by her side, where she was delighted with so many new objects. She asked many questions. Finally Rosie took Mary and repaired to her state-room, where she hoped to get a good night's rest, but the steamboat was not the place for sleep. Rosie rose early next morning, so as to see the ocean and land if there was any in sight. She stood on the promenade deck gazing at the sun as it rose in all its splendor. As she turned her head a little to one side, looking up, she saw an elderly looking gentleman coming towards her. He walked along, and finally took his stand near the railing, looking out upon the ocean, with now and then a sly glance at Rosie, who said to herself, "I shall make no acquaintance with strangers."

About that time the gentleman drew near where Rosie was standing and remarked, "Fine morning."

Rosie hesitated but finally said, "Yes, sir, very fine."

Soon he remarked: "We are getting near New York."

"I hope so," replied Rosie. "The time has seemed long since I left Stonington."

"Not used to traveling?" said the stranger.

"I've never been on a steamboat before."

"Have friends in New York?" he asked.

She said she had not, but was going to Ocelia, where she had lived a few years previous.

"What, traveling all alone!" he replied.

Rosie looked up as much as to say: "You are very inquisitive," but finally replied: "I have my little girl with me."

"Young looking lady to be married," he replied.

Then she said: "I was married nine years ago. It is three years since my husband died."

"You a widow, and so young looking!"

She told him she was not aware of her young looks, was over twenty-five.

He looked at her with surprise and remarked: "Twenty-five, and so good looking!"

One could see the rosy hue as it spread over her fair face, and how she cast sly glances as she replied: "You flatter me. I'm not used to flattery."

"My young friend," said he, "you remind me of a young lady I once knew, one that was very dear to me. Death came and robbed me of my heart's idol."

By that time Rosie had become interested in the old gentleman. He seemed to look so sad. She looked at him with reverence, thinking

how true he was to his lost love, still cherishing her memory. Rosie felt to sympathize with him and remarked, "I suppose you've a wife and family?"

"No," he said, "I've never seen any one I could call by that endearing name. I have traveled around the world, but have never found any one I could call the endearing name, wife. Yet you remind me so much of my lost Nancy I should like to know more of you."

Rosie looked at the old gentleman, for he looked so sad; the tears were standing in his eyes. She assured him she felt sorry and said: "It must have been a great sorrow to have parted with one so dear."

He assured her it had been a life's sorrow. Finally he urged her to stop in New York, telling her he would take her to the theatre, where she would be delighted to go. She told him she had never attended a theatre and that her parents had never brought up their children to go to theatres.

"How strange," he replied; "most of the young people go to theatres."

Rosie was getting quite interested in her new acquaintance. He seemed so kind and sincere in what he said. Besides, he was a well looking man of forty and shouldn't be talking like that. He finally asked her name. She gave him her name and said: "I once lived near Ocelia and am now on my way there."

He pulled from his pocket a card and at the same time handed it to Rosie. She glanced at it and read, "Capt. Rockwell." He told her he hoped she would accept it. Now that she had been away from her state-room a long time, she remarked: "I must go to my room and look after my little girl, who must have woke up by this time."

The gentleman urged her to stop in New York, so as to see the sights in a large city. She told him she had no time to spare; should hurry on her journey. Just as she was turning around to start she noticed a fine looking lady with two boys coming near where she was standing. The lady remarked: "Why, George, I've been looking for you."

"Yes," said the little boy, "Mamma and I've been all over the boat looking for you. The smaller boy caught his father by the hand and exclaimed, "Come, papa, mamma's in a hurry!"

Rosie said she never saw such a meek looking man before. However he looked towards her and smiled as he walked away with his wife and two children. Rosie looked at them as they walked away, thinking of the warnings of her friends, and wondered she had not heeded them. Finally she said to herself, "I'll not make any more acquaintances while traveling." She thought how little she knew, how unexperienced in traveling. Many have been led astray,

by just such flattering. "To think that man was telling me about his lost Nancy with tears in his eyes and how much I looked like her, almost asking me to be his wife, when he had a wife and two children on board the boat! How many are deceived sometimes by those who are bound together by the strongest of ties."

Rosie hurried to her state-room, where she found little Mary still sleeping. She sat down, thinking how successfully the old gentleman had played his wicked part, for surely she believed what he had said. He looked so truthful and honest.

Now that they were in New York she must get little Mary ready for a start. Her journey was by stage, which would not leave New York until half-past ten o'clock. She decided to look around and do a little shopping while waiting. She and Mary were leisurely looking around at the show windows when Mary saw a large doll baby, all dressed, and commenced teasing her mother. Rosie said: "As you have been such a good girl, I'll buy it."

There was nothing that would please Mary like a doll. She carried it in her arms all the way to Ocelia. Rosie had bought a feather for her hat, a real ostrich, some cloth for Mary's dress—Mary had never had anything like a pink chintz before. As soon as Rosie was through with her trading she started to look after her trunk, which was still on the boat. As

she and Mary were walking along Rosie looked up with astonishment, for just ahead of her she saw Deacon Allen coming towards her. She said to herself, "I'll not speak. I may be mistaken."

She had not long to wait, for the deacon had caught sight of Rosie and Mary. He rushed towards them and put out his hand and said: "Is this Mrs. Hull?"

She replied: "Yes, I'm Mrs. Hull; glad to meet you."

The deacon said: "It's pleasant to meet old friends."

Rosie said to herself: "I've found some one I can rely on. Deacon Allen's a good and religious man."

The deacon was not long making arrangements for Rosie and Mary to accompany him on his way as far as Ocelia or Uncle Burley's.

Rosie was to make her home with the Burleys. She was anxious to know what to do with the farm. Besides, Deacon Allen's three years were up. She longed to see the little log-house where she and Edward had commenced housekeeping. Yet there had been great changes.

While Deacon Allen, Rosie and Mary are on their way to Ocelia I will leave them to accompany the reader up-country to the little log-house.

CHAPTER X.

THE WIDOW.

The little log-house was where Rosie had gone through such conflicting scenes. Death, sorrow—such as few have known. It was thus she left her home, taking her only child, a beautiful daughter of seven years. How oft her mind wandered back to the old familiar scenes. How she had longed to trace the little brook that wended its way to the green lake and pluck the flowers from its banks as of yore! How her heart yearned for those long cherished and happy days. Alas! they come no more! The one she loved and cherished sleeps amid the flowers. How time changes all; it had even changed Rosie—had changed her from a happy bride of seventeen to a more matured and thoughtful widow of twenty-five.

Yes, she was anxious to see her old home, and as we return to the little log-house we find Deacon Allen had been as good as his word. Everything showed thrift and enterprise. Even his barn and corn house were well filled. Mrs. Card, the deacon's housekeeper, said to me she

never saw such sauce. "The cellar is full. Deacon Allen's a dreadful good provider. I don't know what I should have done if he'd not given me a home. You know when Jenkins died everything was sold to pay the debts. I had nothing, so had to find a place somewhere. It was then I came to Deacon Allen's. That was some three years ago. I've been here ever since. I know he doesn't pay me enough for what I do. However, it makes me a home. If he would only pay me fifty cents a week I could clothe myself pretty well. I want a new pair of shoes so I can go to meeting. I've not been this summer. I wanted to go real bad when little John preached. It seems I'd aught to earn enough to buy my clothes. I feed the chickens, milk two cows and feed the pigs, besides doing all the housework. He's getting pretty particular about his shirt bosoms. I hear he's quite a notion of getting married. I see him putting hair oil on his hair Sunday. Old Mrs. Tucker said she'd heard he'd offered himself to a number of young ladies. I told her I couldn't believe it. Most any of the galls would jump at the chance to marry Deacon Allen. He's dreadful good man; asks a blessing at the table every meal. I hope he won't be gone over two weeks to New York. I'm getting lonesome. I hope he'll get a good price for the sugar. I worked hard enough helping make it; got an

awful cold. Mrs. Eaton said she thought he ought to pay me, but he'll do as he pleases."

Just then she heard a rap at the door and who should come in but Jim Lee. Jim had helped do the chores while the deacon was away. When he had fairly got inside the door Mrs. Card said: "When do you think Deacon Allen's coming back, this week?"

"Oh, yes," replied Jim; "pretty expensive staying in New York. He'll get a good price for them horses in New York."

"Yes," said Mrs. Card, "and they were good ones, too."

"Deacon always raised good horses," said Jim. "How much sugar did he carry?"

"Five hundred pounds," said Mrs. Card, "and how hard I worked boiling down the sap. Besides, I got a dreadful cold. You know the snow came on and then thawed. That made it dreadful wet and I guess I'll never get over this cold."

"Oh, yes you will," said Jim. "You'll be helping the deacon make maple sugar next spring."

Mrs. Card said she would go over to Mrs. Eaton's to the quilting a little while. She didn't want to miss it, so she put on her best clothes and started. She said her shoes were poor, but then she would make them do.

It was two o'clock when she arrived at Mrs. Eaton's, where she found them all in the north-

east room quilting. There were Patty and Betty Moot, the Widow Crab, besides the Fox girls and a number of others.

Mrs. Card immediately sat down and commenced quilting. Mrs. Eaton asked her if Deacon Allen had got home. Mrs. Card replied: "He is not."

"Having quite a stay?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Card, "and I don't expect him until the last of the week or first of next week."

"Pretty expensive," said Patty Moot, "staying so long in New York."

"Well, I should say so," said the Widow Crab.

Mrs. Card told them that the deacon's wife's cousin lived in New York and it wouldn't cost him a single cent.

"Deacon Allen's a dreadful good man," said Mrs. Eaton. "I hear he's quite a notion to getting married again."

"Yes," chimed in the Widow Crab, "I hear he's offered himself to Fanny Jenks. Her aunt's cousin told me so."

Mrs. Card spoke right up and said: "I don't believe one word of it. Deacon Allen don't want a high fly; besides, she's a divorced woman. Deacon Allen wouldn't marry a divorced woman when there are so many Christian women who's never been married. I guess I'll do his work a while longer."

"How is it about the farm?" said Miss Fox. "His time's about up. That pretty little widow's been gone three years."

"I hear she's coming back," said Mrs. Crab. "You know the Burleys always thought a dreadful sight of her."

"There's one thing," said Mrs. Card, "I've always taken good care of the shrubbery. There's them white rose bushes, beautiful, almost cover one side of the house. There's that willow down by the spring; I never saw anything grow like it."

"They say the deacon takes dreadful good care of that wood vine. It almost covers the house," said Mrs. Eaton.

"Handsome place! I should think the deacon'd hate to leave it. He'll probably buy it," said Betty Moot. "He owns the farm next to it."

"Mrs. Card, have you heard about the great wedding down to Bingo?" asked the Widow Crab.

"Do tell," said Mrs. Card. "I want to know all about it and who was there."

"Let's see," said Mrs. Crab, "Dr. Jones' wife and Charles and Alice Burley. Mrs. Jones told me it was a very grand wedding. The bride was dressed in pure white; looked splendid. Mrs. Jones said: 'I never had such a nice time before.' Mrs. Jones wore a sky-blue silk. She had it new for the occasion; looked just grand."

"I shouldn't think Mrs. Jones could afford silk dresses," said Miss Fox. "I hear Dr. Jones is dreadfully in debt."

"I guess he'll always be in debt while he has that woman," added Betty Moot. "A pretty high-headed woman she is."

When it was four o'clock tea was ready. Mrs. Card said she was sorry, but she would have to go home right after tea, as she had the cows to milk and lots of other chores. So as soon as tea was over Mrs. Card started for home.

After Mrs. Card had left Betty Moot said she hoped Deacon Allen wouldn't get married. "If he should I don't know what would become of poor old Mrs. Card. You know she's been to Deacon Allen's for the last five years. Poor old lady's done a dreadful sight of hard work for Deacon Allen. I don't think he paid her much, do you, Mrs. Eaton?"

"I can't say, Betty. I hope he'll do well by her. I can't think Deacon Allen would do anything but what was right and just."

"That's so," added Widow Crab. "You know people's dreadful selfish. Deacon Allen's not excepted."

Here the conversation ended about Deacon Allen. Betty Moot said she heard Fanny Jenks had got a new bonnet and had wore it to meeting Sunday.

"That's so," said Mrs. Eaton, "it was a queer

shaped thing for a bonnet, if that's what they called it."

"You know, Betty, there's some queer fashions now-a-days," added Mrs. Crab. "I saw Dr. Jones' wife to church Sunday with a horrid looking bonnet. I suppose it was the latest style. I hear Dr. Jones has left off drinking liquor. Been boarding at Mr. Burley's while his wife was away. Looks like a different man."

"Hotel's no place for him to board; too many temptations," added Mrs. Eaton. "I don't think much of the liquor business, if our forefathers did use it. Some say the good old Pilgrims had to be allowanced with beer while on their way to America. Let that be as it may, I don't like rum business. Rum sellers generally get rich out of poor foolish men's wages."

"Yes," said Mrs. Crab, "there's Jinks Card was poor as a church mouse when he died and poor old Mrs. Card's had to work dreadful hard at Deacon Allen's just because Jinks drank up everything he earned. To think of filling a drunkard's grave!"

"It's a sad thing," said Mrs. Eaton.

The quilters had done well, yet the quilt was not done when it grew dusk and there was no moon to light them on their way. Each one hurried home. Mrs. Crab told them she was going to Deacon Allen's Monday to visit with Mrs. Card.

Monday came and Mrs. Crab was good as her word. At two o'clock she was at Deacon Allen's place. Mrs. Card was well pleased to see her. Mrs. Crab said she had almost given up coming, for just as she was about to start who should come in but Jim Lee. "However he was in a hurry to get home. He said he was expecting Deacon Allen that day."

"Well," said Mrs. Card, "he's been gone twelve days. I'm looking for him every hour."

It was the thirteenth day of the month. "Some say thirteen's an unlucky date, although I never could tell any difference in numbers," said Mrs. Card. "I don't think it will make any difference to the deacon. He always seems to have good luck."

"Yes," said Mrs. Crab, "somehow he's the luckiest man I ever see. Everything seems to prosper with him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Card, "he's a dreadful good man. Why shouldn't he prosper? You know the Bible says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and all things shall be added unto you.'"

Just then the deacon arrived home, put his horses in the barn, gave them a good generous feed and started for the house. Mrs. Crab said she would be going. Mrs. Card was all ready hurrying to get a warm supper for the deacon. She said she never saw him look so well—his face was all smiles. He finally remarked:

"I've seen some one who'll be a surprise to you."

Mrs. Card guessed almost every one but the right one. The deacon finally said: "It's Mrs. Hull and her little girl, Mary."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mrs. Card.

"Yes," he replied, "I met them in New York. They were on their way to Ocelia. I had them come along with me as far as Ocelia, where I left them at Mr. Burley's."

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Card. "The Burleys must of been dreadfully surprised."

"Oh, no," he replied, "they've been expecting her for a week."

"Well," said Mrs. Card, "I'm surprised. Is she as handsome as ever?"

"I don't know as I'd be a good judge," he replied. "She looks older than she did when she left here three years ago, although I don't think that hurts her looks. Good looking woman!"

"Yes, fine looking," remarked Mrs. Card. "I suppose she'll be coming up to see the place soon."

"Well, yes," remarked the deacon, "she'll want to see her old home and know what's been doing these three years."

"There's one thing, deacon, we've kept everything in good shape. I don't see where she'd find any fault."

After getting the deacon a good warm meal

and placing it upon the table Mrs. Card said she was surprised to think the young widow had returned; she'd just run over to Mrs. Eaton's and tell her the news, while the deacon was eating. However she hurried back home after telling Mrs. Eaton that Mrs. Hull, the young widow, had returned and was staying at Mr. Burley's. Mrs. Card was anxious to know what the deacon had brought home. When she arrived home she found the deacon busy looking at some blue broadcloth. He had just taken it out of a paper. He had also a new hat and a number of other things. Mrs. Card looked at them and thought, "He might have brought me a pair of shoes. I need them bad enough."

Rosie and little Mary were happy and contented, while the Burleys were delighted to have them come. Rosie told them how homesick she had been while in New England, and how she longed to see the little log-house.

She had been to the Burley's a week when Mr. Burley purposed that they all go up to the farm, knowing Rosie was anxious to see her old home. He hitched up a pair of horses so all might have a chance to go. Uncle Burley said Aunt Polly would never go anywhere, so urged her until she finally concluded to go. The wagon was a two-seated one, yet it was full. It was a lovely day when Mr. Burley took them to the farm. Deacon Allen was watching and waiting. He expected them almost any

day. The party was shown around, seeming to enjoy it. Rosie said she was well pleased with the place. It had been well cared for. Little Mary thought a log-house quite a sight. She had forgotten about living in the little log-house. Rosie said she would go to the lake and see if it looked as it used to. What sad thoughts passed through her mind as she gazed upon the tall hemlocks that spread their broad branches over the water, giving it a green look. As Rosie cast her eyes on the water she exclaimed: "Cruel, cruel water to rob me of my loved one."

Alice saw Rosie was so sad that she urged her to return to the house. Then they visited the spring. There was the willow Rosie had set out five years before. How changed was everything at the spring! Rosie remarked: "What a lovely place!" There the giant oak with the ivy festoond all around its branches, which spread out, making a beautiful shade. Just under the tree was some moss-covered rocks where the water came bubbling up through the sand, cool and clear as crystal. Just at the right was the tree Rosie had set out five years before. So much larger that one would never think it the same.

Willows grow so fast. Just below was the crystal brook flowing gently through the meadow, where grew Indian pinks, also beds of

peppermint with a few water lilies resting on its pure water as it glided through the meadow.

As it was getting late in the day the sun was sinking in the west and the dew was falling. It was thought best to return to the house. All started in a hurry, Rosie being the last one. It was noticed that Deacon Allen took particular pains to walk beside Rosie, or the young widow, as she was called.

When Mr. Burley was once seated in the wagon and all ready for a start he remarked: "Coming down to church Sunday, Mr. Allen?"

"Certainly, Mr. Burley, I shall be there," said the deacon. "I love God's holy Sabbath day."

Mr. Burley was not long driving to Ocelia. Aunty Polly said: "I'm glad to get home. No place like home for me."

Each one set themselves to work making preparations for Sunday, it being the fourth Sunday in the month, which was Communion Sunday.

Sunday was a lowery day, yet the church was well filled. Some went out of curiosity, while many were devoted to the church service. It was well understood that Rosie and Mary were to be at the church that day. All were anxious to get a glimpse of the young widow, as she was called. Even Dr. Jones' wife seemed interested.

When Alice and Rosie entered the church

there was some anxious people who were looking around and whispering, as I've seen them do when a stranger entered church.

The service was very simple and impressive, according to their church creed. When the service was over it was not long before all had shaken hands with the young widow. All were ready to welcome her back to her old familiar place; none more so, however, than Deacon Allen. Some said Rosie looked the best they ever saw her, while others said she looked rather old for one of her age. Some thought her rather dressy for a widow. However, most every one had something to say.

Deacon Allen remarked: "Mrs. Hull has a dreadfully nice little girl; looks as her father did. He was a dreadful likely man. I can't help liking the child."

Old Mrs. Gardiner said she thought it was because he liked the mother and Mrs. Moot thought it strange Deacon Allen should have met Mrs. Hull in New York and bring her to Ocelia. Mrs. Gardiner expressed her opinion by saying: "I think it was a contrived plan between Deacon Allen and Rosie."

"I've made up my mind it'll make a match," said Mrs. Moot. "Deacon Allen will hate to leave that farm. Dreadful nice place!"

Rosie made her home at Uncle Burley's and seemed very happy while the people were calling to renew their friendship. Among the call-

ers was Mrs. Dr. Jones. She said she was overjoyed to think Mrs. Hull had returned and hoped she would make her home in Ocelia. Mrs. Jones seemed well pleased to meet Alice, as she had not met her since the wedding at Bingo. She told Alice she was dreadfully disappointed not to have got a chance to speak to her and Charles at the wedding. She was so busy getting ready and helping Ellen, she hardly knew when Alice came. Mrs. Jones urged Alice and Rosie to come and spend the afternoon some time that week, as she was so lonesome after coming home where it was so dull. Bingo, she said, was a lively place; always something going on.

It was the following Thursday Mrs. Jones invited Alice and Rosie to spend the afternoon. Alice said she hardly knew what to think of Mrs. Jones; sometimes she was very pleasant and entertaining and other times cool and distant. However, Alice concluded to accept the invitation and spend the afternoon with Mrs. Jones.

They were having a very enjoyable afternoon at Mrs. Jones' when all of a sudden Alice looked up and exclaimed: "There comes Deacon Allen! I wonder who's sick?"

The deacon gave a loud rap. Mrs. Jones hastened to the door and found the deacon standing near by. Mrs. Jones gave him a cordial greeting, invited him into the house, which he ac-

cepted after inquiring for Mrs. Hull. After being seated in the parlor he says to Alice: "I've just come from your place; was looking for Mrs. Hull; I wanted to see her on business. I found she was here, so came right along."

"That was right," said Alice.

Just then Mrs. Jones entered and after having a little conversation with the deacon she urged him to stay to tea. He made some excuses, but finally concluded to stay. When Mrs. Jones had arranged and had the tea on the table all entered the dining-room, where they were seated at the table, Deacon Allen making a long prayer.

After tea Rosie and Deacon Allen sat in the parlor, while Alice helped Mrs. Jones do the dishes.

It was just at twilight when Alice and Rosie started for home. Deacon Allen coughed and hemmed a little, but finally walked alongside of Rosie. He spent the evening at Mr. Burley's, leaving there about ten o'clock. As he left the house he remarked: "Mrs. Hull, I'll see you again in a few days."

From that time forth Deacon Allen was seen on his way to Mr. Burley's two or three times a week. Soon the news spread over the place—as news will—that Deacon Allen was about to marry the young widow. Some said it was a good match, as Deacon Allen was a fine-looking

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man of thirty-five, besides being a good and Godly man. Dr. Jones said he couldn't see why some men were so much better than others. "I know some are rough in their appearance, yet have warm and tender hearts full of love and sympathy for their fellow beings."

Little Mary said she loved Deacon Allen. "He's good; gives me candy."

That same day Mr. Burley saw Rosie and Mary as they were coming from the store and remarked: "Rosie, I want to see you in the parlor this afternoon."

Rosie was somewhat surprised, thinking it might be of great importance. However, that afternoon she repaired to the parlor, where she and Mr. Burley had a long and confidential talk. Mr. Burley said: "I hear you are about to marry Deacon Allen, and I have reasons to believe it. Now, what I want to say is in regards to Mary."

Whatever the conversation was it was decided that Mr. Burley should be guardian for Mary and her estate. At that time Mary was eight years old. Mr. Burley knew some one should look after Mary's money which her Grandfather Hull gave her.

As I was saying, Mr. Burley was just the man to look after Mary's interest. Deacon Allen was very zealous in his suit, consequently the wedding was hurried, New Year's day be-

ing the day set apart for Deacon Allen's and Rosie's marriage, which was to be a very quiet affair. The deacon said there was no need of a great display.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH OF MRS. DR. JONES.

It was the week before Christmas Mrs. Jones and a lady friend by the name of Pratt hired a horse and wagon to go to Cincinnati to do some shopping for Christmas, and also to make a few calls.

As the day was waning Mrs. Jones felt somewhat anxious to get started and remarked: "This is one of the pleasantest days I've ever seen for this season of the year and I've enjoyed it so much."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pratt, "we've had a grand time shopping, and have got almost everything we wanted."

"That's so," said Mrs. Jones. "I'm almost sorry I bought the hat. I don't know how the doctor'll like it. He never liked blue. How strange that men always like red."

"That's so," said Mrs. Pratt.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Pratt were very happy, talking about their purchases, until they came to a small log-house where a small boy was standing near the road with a nanny-goat har-

nessed to a small wagon, which so frightened the horse that he commenced balking around and rearing up. Finally he gave one plunge and commenced running. The road was very hilly—was sometimes called the Oxcelia Mountains, because the road ran along a high bank beside the Oxcelic River. The bank was very steep, some places being a hundred feet, covered with thick bushes, with now and then a large hemlock tree.

Mrs. Jones was driving. She kept the horse in the road, thinking he might get quieted down after a while, but just as they were going down the last steep place one of the wheels gave way and over went the carriage, throwing the ladies out. Mrs. Pratt got up and tried to help Mrs. Jones. Soon she saw it was of no use, for she had the appearance of being dead. Mrs. Pratt started for Ocelia, which was but a short distance away. She was not long in telling what had happened, did not even think of her own injuries; she was badly bruised.

Soon the news spread, as news will in a small town, that Mrs. Jones was dead, and the road was very soon lined with people on their way to the spot where Mrs. Jones was lying. To their surprise she was still living, but badly hurt. She was taken home as one in a dying condition. The doctor took her in his arms and carried her into the house, where everything was done that could be. After making a more

thorough examination it was found her injuries were internal and there were doubts as to her recovery. She lay all day unconscious, not realizing that any one was near her. Alice Burley was standing over her most of the time, only leaving now and then for a little rest, which she needed.

It was Christmas morning when Alice saw signs of consciousness. Mrs. Jones opened her eyes and said: "How strange everything looks. I'm so weak."

Alice laid her hand upon her head and replied: "You are sick and must be as quiet as possible."

"How long have I been here?" said Mrs. Jones. "What happened?"

"You are sick," replied Alice. "Come, take your medicine. I hope you'll be better soon. Go to sleep; it will do you good."

Soon Mrs. Jones dropped into a calm sleep. It was then there were hopes of her recovery.

The neighbors were kind and willing to lend a helping hand to those who were afflicted. Mrs. Jones' sickness had cast a shadow over the whole. The people had almost forgotten New Year's day was the day for Deacon Allen and Rosie's marriage, such was their grief.

Dr. Jones' home was the saddest of all, his heart being clouded with a grief as he constantly watched by his wife's bedside. Not that she had always been essential to his happiness—

no, far from it—yet he was not the man to recall the past. His whole heart was filled with love and sympathy for his wife and, with patience, supplying every want.

When Mrs. Jones awoke she seemed restless and said to Alice: "I shall never get well again."

"I hope you may," said Alice. "Why do you think you're not going to get well?"

"I can't tell," said Mrs. Jones. "I have that impression."

"Put your trust in God," said Alice. "He's able to raise you."

Mrs. Jones lay as one in meditation and finally said: "I know He is, but He seems so far away."

"Let us pray with our whole hearts that you may feel his presence." So saying Alice knelt down and prayed. Mrs. Jones lay as one entranced.

When Alice arose from her knees Mrs. Jones gave her a beseeching look and said: "I've lived in vain. My life's been a vain show. What I ought to have done is undone. Alice, I fear I've wronged you."

"Mrs. Jones, don't grieve for wrongs done me; look to Christ, our Saviour. He's interceding for you and me."

"Will He intercede for me?" said Mrs. Jones.

"He surely will," replied Alice.

By that time Mrs. Jones was completely exhausted. Alice told her to get some sleep, as she needed it so much.

Next morning she seemed much refreshed in body, but not in mind. While talking with Alice she said: "I've wronged my husband. I wish to write what I've not the heart nor courage to say."

Alice put her arms gently around her, placing the pillows, so she could sit in a half sitting position. Then she asked for pen and ink, which Alice brought along with paper. Alice took her seat near the window while Mrs. Jones was writing. Finally Mrs. Jones had finished and said to Alice: "Please fold it and wrap it in a paper, and when I'm gone give it to the doctor."

By that time she was completely exhausted and Alice removed the pillows and laid her back on the pillow, where she lay with closed eyes, often giving a long sigh. Finally she dropped into a gentle sleep. When she awoke the doctor was standing near her bed and said: "How are you feeling Mira, my dear?"

She put out her hand and motioned him to come near, saying: "James, can you forgive me, as I hope and trust the God of mercy will?"

He clasped her in his arms, saying: "I forgive with all my heart, as I hope to be forgiven." Tears of repentance were fast falling.

That afternoon she seemed perfectly reconciled to her fate, as she was growing weaker all the time. It was on Sunday morning that she said to Alice: "I've lived for society and its graces. What are they to me to-day? Naught but mockery. Now I lay on a sick and dying bed, my prayers go to God asking for grace—yes, dying grace." Then she ceased speaking and lay as in silent prayer.

About six o'clock the doctor was holding her in her arms when she exclaimed: "I'm going; I hear music; let me go."

She was laid back upon the pillows, and immediately expired just as the people were wending their way to church. How sad to hear the peal of the bell as it died away with an echo from the distant hills! The heart that once was gay had ceased to beat—was silent forever.

In books we read many wonderful things. Could we but read the human heart we should find things far more mysterious than were ever read in books or ever can be.

Wednesday was the day set apart for the funeral and a sad day it was. Mrs. Jones' death had cast a gloom over the whole place. It had come so unexpectedly.

The funeral services were very simple and imposing, almost every one in Ocelia being present. At four o'clock she was laid to rest in her final resting place, leaving Dr. Jones to meditate over the past.

Alice had stood over Mrs. Jones through all her sickness; nor did she leave the house until she had given Dr. Jones the papers his wife had intrusted to her care.

It was a dark, gloomy night, scarcely a star to be seen. The wind was blowing fiercely around the northwest corner of the house. It seemed to sing a requiem to the departed one.

Dr. Jones was sitting in his warm, cozy sitting-room, thinking of the changes. Only a short time before the gay, the fashionable, had mingled in that same room. As he sat in meditation he thought of the paper Alice had given him, which read as follows:

"James, my ever indulgent husband:

"I will write you what I've not the courage nor heart to say.

"Since I've been confined to a sick and dying bed my mind wanders back to the past. Oh, how my heart aches as I recall the past! I feel I'll not be here long. I wish to reveal the secret of my heart. I've prayed to God, asking pardon, hoping and trusting He may forgive me the wrongs I've done you and Martha Long. I know I've not been essential to your happiness, as there was one you loved with your whole heart. When I think of the deception I practiced to separate you from the idol of your heart it makes me shudder as it passes through my mind. Martha Long loved you as her own life. She always spoke of you as her

dearest friend. I sometimes think had our nuptial been one of love our lives would have been far more happy. I could never have neglected you as I have. Oh, how my mind wanders back to my childhood days when I was young and happy! Then there came a cloud. Oh, how my heart ached for my poor mother! The news came my father had been arrested for passing counterfeit money. Is it a wonder I've passed through society as a counterfeit? I've inherited my father's principles. Oh, that I had been like that gentle and loving mother! My father's crime was the cause of her death. I can see her kind and loving face as she lay on her deathbed. How she folded me to her heart as the tears were streaming down her pale cheeks! My father's name was Lock. He was serving out his sentence when my mother died. It was then Mrs. Brown came to my mother's house. She took me home with her, as I had no place to go. She had no children, so gave me a home and called me by her own name. After six years Mrs. Brown moved to Moodus, where I first saw you. My life reminds me of the stage, where each one acts his part. Now that I'm to leave the stage of life and enter the unknown future, can you forgive a poor penitent wife? I now ask your forgiveness, hoping you may live long and be happy. May God in his mercy forgive me is my prayer.

"MIRA."

After reading that brief narrative the doctor said: "We may meet again when life's journey's ended. Why should I look on the dark side of life instead of the light, fair, more hopeful and beautiful? Have I not supped sorrow's last dreg?"

Now that Mrs. Jones has passed on to the great beyond, each and every one was anxious to avert their minds from the past so, consequently, commenced talking of Deacon Allen and Rosie, who were to be married New Year's day.

New Year's day was already at hand. Deacon Allen seemed as happy as a man could be. He was much elated when speaking of Rosie. He said: "She comes from the good old Mayflower stock, being descended from Miles Standish."

The name of Rosie had been named through ten generations. It was a favorite name in the North family, as well as in the Lester and Williams family. Barbara was a common name, too. However, Deacon Allen called Rosie his "New England Rose."

The deacon and Rosie made few preparations for the marriage ceremony. The deacon had his blue broadcloth made up in a late style, also other things that were needed for the occasion. Rosie was well prepared for the event, having a nice gray silk which was all that could be wished for; besides, it was very becoming.

After weighing all the circumstances, Dea-

con Allen said it would be best for the Justice of Peace to come to Mr. Burley's and perform the ceremony, which would be short and simple, and so it was decided upon. At about four o'clock the family assembled in the parlor to witness the ceremony. John S. Dyer, Justice of Peace, came. The ceremony was a short one, but no less binding. The contracting parties were made man and wife according to God's ordinance and the laws of the State.

Now that Deacon Allen was married to the handsome young widow he thought he would make a little display, so engaged the finest stable team in the place, and a fine one it was, too; the horses were full of life, high spirited, and when the deacon and his young wife were seated in the carriage it attracted more or less attention. However, they were driven to the farm, which was to be their future home. Little Mary stayed to Uncle Burley's for a few days. Alice and her father were to take Mary to the farm at a convenient time. Mary was quite anxious to go up to the farm and live with "her good papa," as she called Deacon Allen.

Now that Deacon Allen and wife had taken up their abode at the farm, everything in the house showed neatness and order. Mrs. Card was a good housekeeper, but now that Deacon Allen had a wife he said to himself: "I've no particular need of Mrs. Card; I shall let her go.

Rosie don't need any help. I can help her and save one's board."

The deacon and Rosie had been at the farm two days when the deacon met Mrs. Card coming from the spring with two pails of water. He accosted her by saying: "I'll bring the water after this. I don't see as there's any more work for you. I think Rosie and myself can do all the work that's to be done here. You might as well look for a new home."

Mrs. Card was so surprised she hardly knew what to say. Finally she said: "I'm surprised. I didnt' expect to leave here this winter; besides it's cold and blustery and I don't know where I'm to go. However, I'll pick up my things this afternoon so as to leave here to-morrow morning. You see my shoes are not suitable for this cold weather."

The deacon looked down at her feet and remarked: "You're always in want."

As Mrs. Card started towards the house she remarked: "I go to-morrow morning."

Next morning about eight o'clock Mrs. Card was standing in the front door with a large carpet bag in her hand which contained all her worldly goods. Deacon Allen remarked: "When you get a good place let us know. We shall want to hear from you. Put your trust in the Lord and remember He will provide."

The wind was blowing fiercely, everything looked dark and dreary. It had snowed the

night before and scarcely a path was to be seen. Mrs. Card started, saying to herself: "This is a cold gloomy morning. I think Deacon Allen's heart's still colder or he'd not have sent me away this cold winter. What's the use of crying, for what can't be helped must be endured." So she walked along with a heavy heart, thinking how she had always worked hard and fared hard. Now that she was old she had nowhere to lay her head. About that time she came in sight of Mrs. Eaton's and said aloud: "I guess the Lord will care for me," and so hurried on. Mrs. Eaton happened to be looking down the road and saw the old lady as she came towards the door with her carpet bag, which seemed to weigh heavily upon the old lady's arm. The old lady seemed much fatigued after tramping through the snow with her carpet bag. Mrs. Eaton opened the door and said: "Seems to me you've taken an early start, Mrs. Card."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Card, "but I had to leave Deacon Allen's. He's got married and has no more work for me."

"Do tell! Mrs. Card, what's the trouble," said Mrs. Eaton.

"No trouble," said Mrs. Card. "You know Deacon Allen's married to that handsome widow. She'll look after his house. He's a dreadful close man. I thought I'd come over and see you a little while and make up my mind what to do."

"Why, Mrs. Card, I'm so sorry. I was in hopes you'd have stayed to Deacon Allen's through the winter."

"I guess you don't know how sorry I was," said Mrs. Card. "Yes, here I am, bag and baggage; don't know what I'm to do."

"It seems to me you've been changing shoes since I saw you last," said Mrs. Eaton.

"Yes, I have on a pair that were the deacon's. They were too small for him, so he gave them to me."

"Don't they hurt your feet?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"Yes; not as bad, though, as they did. It's the best I could do. I told the deacon a month ago I wanted some shoes. He said: 'Take them small ones; I can't wear them any more. They hurt my feet. They'll last you a long time.'"

"Mrs. Card, how do you like the deacon's wife?" inquired Mrs. Eaton.

"Oh, she's splendid. She said she was sorry to have me leave. I don't think she knew the deacon sent me away. You see I was coming from the spring when he told me I must look for a new home, so you see she don't know anything about it."

Just then there was a rap at the door. Mrs. Eaton opened it and in came the Widow Crab. She looked around somewhat surprised when she saw Mrs. Card. However, she said to Mrs. Eaton: "Deacon Allen's got his bride home."

"So I hear," said Mrs. Eaton.

Then Mrs. Crab turned to Mrs. Card and said: "You'll have plenty of work this winter. There'll be four in the family to do the work for."

Mrs. Card assured her that the work wouldn't be very hard, as the butchering was all done and she had made forty pounds of sausage, besides making fifty mince pies. "There'll be no sewing," said Mrs. Card. "I've made the deacon three new shirts, besides two pair of Kentucky jeen pants. He's plenty of socks. I've always been knitting all my spare time."

"Well, well, Mrs. Card, I think you've done well by Deacon Allen. I hope he'll do as well by you," said Mrs. Crab.

"He's done all he'll do," added Mrs. Eaton.

"Why, you are not going to leave the deacon's," said Mrs. Crab.

"I've already left," said Mrs. Card.

"Foolish woman, to leave this cold winter weather after doing up all the work!"

"What could I do? The deacon told me he had no more work for me and I had better find a place, so I picked up all my things, put them in my carpet bag, and then came over here."

Just then Mrs. Eaton looked at the old lady, for she was crying as though her heart would break. Finally she said: "I've lived to Deacon Allen's five years and it seems like home to me. I'd plenty to eat," added Mrs. Card.

"Yes, and plenty to do," added Mrs. Crab.

"I did work pretty hard," said Mrs. Card, "but I didn't mind that long's I'd a home. You see it's pretty hard in cold winter weather not to have a place to call home."

By that time the old lady had completely broken down—was crying like a homesick child. Mrs. Crab looked at her with love and sympathy, thinking how hard had been her lot, and now that she had no hopes, but left to the mercy of a few kind-hearted neighbors, who were willing to do all they could for her.

About that time Mrs. Crab spoke up and said: "I think it's a shame for Deacon Allen to send you away this cold weather as poorly clad as you are."

"Mrs. Card can stay here until she gets a good place," said Mrs. Eaton.

"Come to my house and make a good long visit," said Mrs. Crab. "I'll see what I can do when I go to Ocelia. I think I can find some different looking shoes."

"Why, Mrs. Crab, I shouldn't care how my shoes looked if I'd a home. You see I don't wan't to be traveling around from place to place."

"You needn't travel around," said Mrs. Eaton, "but stay right where you are."

Mrs. Card had been to Mrs. Eaton's some two weeks when one pleasant morning who should come in but Mrs. Crab. She had been

to Ocelia, where the people were ready and willing to help the poor and needy. Mrs. Crab had brought a new pair of shoes, new shawl, cloth for new dress, three pairs of good warm stockings, besides a number of other articles and, best of all, good news—Dr. Jones wanted a housekeeper. Mr. Burley was to see Dr. Jones and see if he could get the place for Mrs. Card. Mrs. Crab told Mrs. Card to get everything ready, for the doctor was liable to come any day. "If you get that place you'll not have to work as you did for Deacon Allen, for nothing."

It was Sunday morning, the third Sunday Deacon Allen and wife had started for church, when nearing the big hill just below Mrs. Eaton's, who should they meet but Dr. Jones. The deacon said to his wife: "Who's sick up the north road? Dr. Jones's going that way. Must be some one sick."

"Have you heard from Mrs. Card since she left here?" inquired the deacon's wife. "Do you know where she was going when she left us?"

"I suppose to Mrs. Eaton's. She went that way. If I see the doctor when he comes back I'll find out if it's any one up there."

Just as Deacon Allen was driving into Ocelia who should pass him but Dr. Jones, who was driving a good and lively gait. Deacon Allen was somewhat surprised to see Mrs. Card riding

with the doctor, and said to his wife: "Mrs. Card must be going to Dr. Jones' to do house work, as he's no one to do his work."

"Splendid place," said Mrs. Allen. "Dr. Jones's a fine man, always kind and good to the poor."

Deacon Allen and Rosie had been married some three weeks. Little Mary was getting uneasy and teasing Mr. Burley to take her home. Finally Mr. Burley said he would take Alice and Mary up to the farm Friday morning. Mr. Burley told Alice she had better return with him; Alice was thinking of staying a few days for a little visit. Mr. Burley said he didn't think Deacon Allen wanted much company. "He's a dreadful close man or he'd never have sent Mrs. Card away this cold weather after doing his work for five years."

"Why, papa, I think that was cruel!"

"She's got a good place now," said Mr. Burley. "I saw the doctor and told him all about the old lady. He said he would look after her at once before she got a place."

"How fortunate the doctor was in getting such a nice old lady," said Alice. "It's much better for the doctor to have a housekeeper than to be boarding around, besides Mrs. Card is such a nice old lady."

About that time Mr. Burley reined up at Deacon Allen's door. Little Mary was the first

one out of the wagon and also first one in the house.

Rosie had her dinner all ready on the table. Little Mary was overjoyed to get up on the farm and see her mother and "papa," as she called the deacon.

"Glad to see my little girl home," said the deacon.

Mr. Burley and Alice stayed until nearly dark, when Alice spoke about going. Rosie urged her to stay a few days and make a visit.

"Yes," said the deacon, "we should enjoy a visit so much. Do stay."

Alice thanked him and said: "I had better go with father, as mother's not feeling quite well. I'll come up some other time for a visit."

When Mr. Burley and Alice had got well on their way towards home Mr. Burley said to Alice: "I fear Deacon Allen is too close to care for that child as his own."

"Why, papa, he seems to think everything of her now."

"Yes, he does. I hope he'll continue to," said Mr. Burley.

"She's a very bright, active child; makes me think of her father," said Alice. "She had that frank, open-hearted way, besides she looks as he did."

"Very handsome child," said Mr. Burley. "I hope she'll have a happy home."

"Rosie seems happy in her new home; or, at least, her old home," said Alice.

"This is the honeymoon," said Burley. "Five or ten years will tell the story."

"Why, papa, don't you think Deacon Allen's a good man?"

"Alice, I can't judge men and women. I fear I should not judge aright. I'll leave that to one that's higher than I; He knows all hearts and will judge aright."

"Papa, I can't think he done right by Mrs. Card. It was a cruel thing to turn her out after working for him for five years. I don't see how he could do such a wicked deed."

Alice had been so busy talking with her father she had scarcely noticed that they were already at the door. Alice alighted from the carriage, ran up the front steps with light elastic step; her cheeks were all aglow with health and beauty. As she entered the sitting-room she learned she had company. Augustus Ellis had been there fully two hours. She threw off her wraps in a hurry, took her seat beside Augustus, where they were chatting in a gay and happy mood.

Augustus' visits were becoming quite frequent. It was generally thought that Alice and Augustus were to be married the next fall, it being a true love match.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. JONES' HORSE STOLEN.

Early in the spring, when it was yet cold, the people in and around Ocelia were greatly excited to learn that during the previous night there had been two horses stolen—one being Dr. Jones', the other belonged to a Mr. Moore.

The doctor and Mr. Moore were anxious to find their horses and also apprehend the thieves if possible.

It was soon learned that they had passed Dyer's store and were journeying towards Peakskills, en route for the land of steady habits. The officers were soon on their tracks and fast pursuing them. Dr. Jones and Mr. Moore were following close by, getting what information they could. The officers were on close pursuit until they reached Hartford. Then they lost all hopes of securing their horses or the thieves.

They were in Hartford a number of days, looking in all parts of the city. Finally the officers said: "As we have no luck in finding the desperadoes, we might as well return to

Ocelia." So they started on their homeward trail.

Dr. Jones said to Mr. Moore: "We're a long ways from home. It's all of no good. I've been thinking we might as well keep on a piece down the Connecticut River. I've not been there in years, and should like to see the place once more. Who knows we might run on our horses down there."

So it was decided that Dr. Jones and Mr. Moore should keep on down the river. They hurried on until they arrived at Mr. Hall's, on the following day about sunset. Mr. Hall was an old friend of the doctor's. He had known him from boyhood up.

As I was saying, they arrived at Mr. Hall's about sunset. Mr. Hall had just returned from the barn, so as to meet the doctor at the gate. Mr. Hall was surprised as well as pleased to see the doctor and remarked: "Haven't you got lost, Dr. Jones?"

"Not in the least," said the doctor. "Make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Moore."

By that time Mr. Hall had led the way into the house and remarked: "Doctor, you've changed much since I saw you last."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "changes come in spite of us; some good, some bad. I've learned from experience we've no control over circumstances. I had no thought of coming here when I left home. We came looking for our

horses, which were stolen from our barn last Sunday night. We traced them as far as Hartford. There we lost all trace of them. I said to Mr. Moore, 'We'll keep on down the river.' So you see, Mr. Hall, we've brought up here and are booked for the night."

"That was the right thing to do, doctor."

"Let's see, Mr. Hall," said the doctor, "it's been eight years since I was here. I suppose there's been great changes?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hall, "some have died, some have moved away—you don't know scarcely any of the people in the neighborhood."

"Can you tell me what Harry Arnold's doing? I should like to see him."

"He went out to Lake Erie to his uncle's and concluded to stay. I hear he's bought a large tract of land out there and is doing well. I suppose you have a large practice, doctor?" said Mr. Hall.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I've a good business."

"I see by the paper you've lost your wife—thrown from a carriage and hurt."

"Yes," said the doctor, "only lived two weeks after the accident."

"Sad affair," said Mr. Moore.

"Have you seen any strange horses passing?" said the doctor to Mr. Hall.

"No, doctor; there's a stable kept about a

mile from here; might drive up there in the morning and take a look," added Mr. Hall.

"I don't believe it's of any use," said Mr. Moore.

"I think the horses are in Hartford yet."

"It'll do no harm to look around," added Mr. Hall.

"We'll drive up there in the morning," said the doctor. "By the way, Mr. Hall, what's become of the Long family?"

"All broken up, doctor. The father died two years ago, the son married Deacon Boss' daughter, Susannah; gone out West to live. Martha's teaching our school. Splendid teacher—a dreadfully nice girl. She took lots of care of her father when he was sick."

"Does she keep house at the old homestead?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no," added Mr. Hall, "that's all sold out. The people were somewhat surprised when the old man died. Why, he had ten thousand dollars in the bank and gave it all to Martha."

"Nice little sum," said the doctor.

"Yes; then she had the farm, which she sold for six thousand dollars. Martha gave her brother eight thousand and said: 'Eight's enough for me.' She wanted her brother to have just as much as she had."

"How generous," said the doctor.

"She practices the Golden Rule," added Mr. Hall.

Next morning Dr. Jones said he would look around a little and then drive up to the stable and see what's there. Mr. Moore said he wanted to get started towards home soon as possible.

It was near nine o'clock when they arrived at the stable and found Mr. Sims in charge of the stable, who seemed to be a very congenial man. The doctor soon told his business and that they were looking for two horses that were stolen from their barns in Ocelia. Mr. Sims said: "Walk right this way. I've two horses that were put up here day before yesterday by two strange men who inquired for Sham Town and said they would call for the horses in a few days."

By that time Mr. Moore had his horse out of the stall. Dr. Jones exclaimed: "For God's sake, here's our horses."

They were not long in making arrangements to take their horses back to Mr. Hall's; not, however, until papers were filed ready to apprehend the thieves if they should call for the horses.

The finding of the horses in Mr. Sims' barn was a theme of considerable comment, although no one thought Mr. Sims blamable, as he had always bore a good reputation. None could think him otherwise.

After securing their horses Mr. Moore said: "We're all ready to start for home."

Dr. Jones said: "I've a friend I want to see, then I'll be ready for home."

The doctor walked away towards the school-house. When he arrived at the door the children were rushing out from the school room. It was just twelve o'clock. He gave a soft rap. By that time he stood face to face with Martha Long. The doctor put out his hand and said: "Martha, do you know your old friend?"

She replied: "Yes, James, I should have known you anywhere."

She seemed somewhat embarrassed, for she was standing face to face to the man that she had loved better than her own life. A sad expression came over her face as she said: "Will you walk into the school-room? I was not thinking of seeing you to-day."

Dr. Jones stayed one hour talking over bygone days. Just as the bell was ringing for one o'clock Dr. Jones was seen on his way to Mr. Hall's.

After having a warm dinner at Mr. Hall's the doctor and Mr. Moore started for home. Three days later they arrived home. The people in Ocelia were much surprised to know that the horses were found and wanted to hear how and where. After talking it over and over each and every one settled down to business. Mr. Burley said he thought it done Dr. Jones good taking a little trip off. He seemed more interested in his business. Mrs. Card always had

good warm meals, besides keeping a good tidy house, which is essential to make a home cheerful. Mrs. Card said she had never had such a home before, and how thankful she was! "It was just forty years ago to-day Jinks and I were married. I had a pleasant home for the first five years," said Mrs. Card, "but then Jinks commenced visiting the rum shop and then came misery and poverty. He never left the house but what I was in perfect fear, thinking he might return intoxicated. No one knows how much I suffered. I'll not dwell on those dark days, it makes me unhappy when I think of them. My days are fast gliding away. I hope and trust I shall find a place of rest beyond earth's sorrows. There's one thing to cheer us—when all earthly hopes hath failed we flee to God above, who hears our prayers and loveth us more than earthly parents love their children."

CHAPTER XIII.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

It was in March, Mr. Burley and hired man were busy making maple sugar. You, my friends, who've not seen a sugar bush have missed a most charming sight. My friends, you would be surprised to know the process of making maple sugar. As one passes through the sugar bush he sees the bucket hanging on every tree. Those buckets hold the sap that flows from the trees, then it is carried to a convenient place where it is boiled down to syrup. Then it is taken to a sugar-house, where it is boiled or evaporated into sugar, then poured into pans to cool in large cakes. It's not an unusual sight to see a large party of young people assembled at the sugar bush for a day's frolic and eating sugar, having a good time in general. The young people enjoy those parties very much. Mr. Burley and Alice were anxious to get through making sugar. Charles was expected home with his wife. He had finished his college course and also his studies at the law school and was now looking for a place to locate and

practice law. He had lately been married to the most beautiful and accomplished Susannah Ellis, only daughter of Judge Ellis of Bingo. She was a lovely girl, worthy of his love, and suited to his high station in life. They were quietly married in traveling costumes and immediately started for Rochester, where they were to spend their honeymoon with relatives and friends. Charles had thought of making his home in Rochester, yet had not fully decided as yet. Alice and her mother was busy around the house and putting things in order while the hired girl done the washing and scrubbing. Mrs. Wilson was doing the cooking.

Saturday dawned beautiful and bright. Everything was ready to welcome the bride and groom. Saturday was a day of anxious watching and waiting. Just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills Charles and the bride drove up to the Burley mansion. Every one seemed happy. The Burley family was well pleased with Charles' choice.

Charles and his bride made a brief visit of one week, then returned to Rochester, where he had decided to locate in business. The firm's name was Burley & Ellis, Law Firm. Augustus had been practicing law at Bingo, but now was to locate at Rochester, entering into copartnership with Charles Burley. It was well known that Alice and Augustus were to be mar-

ried the following autumn, and make their home in Rochester.

I remember well the day Charles and the bride started for Rochester. It was the last day of April; the fields were brightening with the upspringing verdure; the hills and woods were glad in the smiling sunlight; the earth was beautiful; the heavens glorious. The Burleys had enjoyed Charles' visit and now that he had started out on life's highway to struggle and strive for position and fame, it left an aching void in the parents' hearts.

Just at the right of the Burley home stood a pleasant little cottage, its only occupant being an elderly lady who was somewhat eccentric. Some said she had been crossed in love. Be that as it may, she was a kind-hearted old lady, ready to help others, reaching out a well-filled hand to the poor and needy. She had always lived in the little cottage—it was where her parents had lived before her. She being their only child, inherited her father's wealth, which was all sufficient for her wants.

It was a beautiful May evening, the sun had cast its bright rays o'er hill and plain. Everything was hushed into silence as evening spread her sombre mantle o'er hill and dale.

Miss Amy sat silently watching the fire-flies as they flitted through the air. She had not lighted her candle, but sat looking out of the window meditating—thinking of the past and

also of her lost youth. All of a sudden there was a loud rap at the door. She immediately opened it and, to her surprise, there was no one to be seen. As she looked around her eyes were attracted to a large basket. She laughingly said, "May basket," at the same time examined it and to her surprise she found it contained a baby, a well-developed male child. She ran to the Burley's house to tell the news. Mrs. Burley, Alice and the whole household returned with Miss Amy. All were surprised to see a baby in a May basket, a real baby. After taking the baby from the basket it was found to contain little pink and white frocks with pink and white caps to match. In fact, everything that was necessary for the comfort of a baby, a nursing bottle included. A card was pinned to the baby's dress with the following instructions: "Call the baby Eddie. You will find money in the basket to pay for its care. You'll love the baby as you've no one else to love."

Mrs. Burley was the first one to speak by asking Miss Amy what she thought of the baby. Miss Amy replied: "I don't know what it means and why a baby should be left at my door as I know nothing about taking care of a child. I can't send it away, I'm not too old to learn. I will see what I can do. It is a handsome baby."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Burley, at the same time saying: "Alice, we'll be going, as it's getting

late." So saying got up and started. Alice told Miss Amy she should stay all night and help take care of the baby. Miss Amy thought as she had a nursing bottle and plenty of milk there would be no trouble. Alice returned with her mother, leaving Miss Amy all alone with the baby. She seemed to enjoy the thoughts of being left alone with the child.

Next morning at an early hour Mrs. Burley and Alice were over to see Miss Amy and to know how she got along with the baby through the night. Miss Amy said she had never felt so tender towards anything as she did that baby when she thought of the mother forsaking her baby. She couldn't help crying. Miss Amy sat up most of the night looking at the baby, but finally concluded to lay down, hoping to get a little sleep. She caught two or three short naps. Miss Amy said she wished Dr. Jones could see the baby, for he might know of some small baby in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Burley told Miss Amy she would have all the callers she would want when it was known she had a May basket with a baby in it. "You'll have to have a cradle," remarked Mrs. Burley.

"That's so," said Miss Amy.

"I've an old-fashioned one up-garret," said Mrs. Burley. "All my children have been rocked in it. It's a good cradle now. I'll have Mr. Burley bring it over."

About noon Mr. Burley was carrying the cradle when a neighbor saw him and remarked: "What are you doing with that cradle, Mr. Burley?"

"Miss Amy's had a May basket last night; baby in it."

"Why, Mr. Burley, can it be possible?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Burley. "I think the old lady is proud of it. Come, John, help me in with the cradle. You'll want to see the baby."

John took hold of one end of the cradle and helped carry it in, where he had a good chance to see the baby.

Before the following week had passed nearly everybody had seen the baby. Even Dr. Jones had seen it. Yet none were any the wiser.

Some four months later, on a bright day in September, Miss Amy sat rocking while the baby was sleeping, and she remarked: "How lonesome I'd be without the baby!"

It was some four or five months and Miss Amy found it a great deal of company; besides she had learned to love it very much. She devoted most of her time to its care. The baby grew to be a noble looking child. Miss Amy began to look upon it as her own.

One day a fine-looking carriage with a pair of dapple gray horses reined up at the door. A fine-looking man of sixty alighted and assisted a young lady from the carriage. Soon he was rapping at the front door. Miss Amy opened

the door and saw they were strangers; however she invited them into the house, where she seated them in the east great room, where the following conversation ensued:

"Miss Amy, you've a child. We have come to see it."

She immediately left the room and returned with the child dressed in one of its little pink frocks and a white cap trimmed with pink bows. I tell you it was a handsome child. Its little eyes were as black as black could be—fairly sparkled. Its brow was one that showed wit and intelligence. One could see there was aristocratic blood flowing in its veins. It wasn't to be wondered at that Miss Amy loved the baby. It was a child every one would love who loved children.

When Miss Amy came into the room the young woman put out her hands and exclaimed: "Papa, isn't it a beauty? My own darling baby!"

"Hush, Annie, this is no place to show your affections."

"But, papa, I can never leave it. Please let me take it home."

The gentleman shook his head while the young lady was weeping. "Dear papa, to think of strangers loving and caring for my dear baby when my own heart is breaking for it. I love it better than my own life."

The baby was shy of strangers, so cuddled

down close to Miss Amy, as much as to say, "I don't know you."

Finally the gentleman said: "This is the mother of the child. She'll come for it some time. However, you'll be well paid for the good care you are giving it."

It was just then Miss Amy said: "You are strangers to me. How will I know this young woman is its mother? I've had the baby some four months and am much attached to it?"

"Yes," said the gentleman. "I see you are."

Miss Amy remarked: "It seems there is a great mystery about the child?"

"That is so, Miss Amy, but there's a day coming when all will be explained."

"Yes, papa, and I shall claim my darling child."

She then made some inquiry about the clothes and finally said she would send some clothes in a week or two. So saying they left the house, but not until they had cautioned Miss Amy in regards to their secret.

"The father shall never have that child," said the old gentleman. "Though he may plot and plan when you are free, Annie, you hold the baby. So you see we'll soon take the child to our own home. There's no law that'll take it from you when you are once freed from the father who's not worthy of the child."

CHAPTER XIV.

LITTLE MARY AT GREEN LAKE SCHOOL.

The Green Lake School-house was located one-half mile south of Green Lake. It was a pleasant and picturesque spot. The school-house was of a quaint old style nestled down just under the brow of a hill, with large oaks spreading their ample branches, making a delightful shade as they were moved by the gentle breeze. Birds were singing their sweetest songs, as much as to say, "None are so happy as we."

The grove was where the children delighted to romp and play and they took great delight in decorating their heads with holly and other wild shrubs, sometimes using wild roses and honeysuckle.

Those days were days of happiness. Who of you, my friends, can look back on happy school days, the most blessed and happiest days of your life?

The Green Lake School was quite a large school for a country school. In winter it registered twenty scholars; in summer twelve. Most

of the boys were obliged to stay home and work on the farms during the summer months. Children were trained to work in those days; the parents did not think it profitable to have a drone in the family. It was at this school little Mary Anna Fitzgerald Hull was a pupil. How changed in eighteen months! She came to Deacon Allen's a gay and happy child, eight years old. It was then her mother married Deacon Allen and came with Mary to live on the farm. The first few months Mary was very happy. Then Deacon Allen commenced talking of the expense to bring up children, and that Mary was large enough to go out to service. Mrs. Allen said she couldn't get along without Mary to help care for the baby; besides, she didn't want Mary working out. Mrs. Allen's health was poor; she couldn't think of Mary going away from home.

"She goes to school all the time," said Deacon Allen.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Allen, "but she's up every morning by five o'clock and helps me until half-past eight before going to school."

"That's all very well," said the deacon, "but if she was working out she would get her board and a little something besides. I don't think it's doing her much good going to school. You see she's thrown in company with a lot of vain girls who don't seem to think of nothing but dress. Why, Rosie, they don't seem to

care for the salvation of their souls. Mary's getting almost as vain as they are."

"Why, Giles," replied Mrs. Allen, "I can't see as she's done anything wrong."

"You can't see her faults," said the deacon. "She's too large a girl to be walking to school with Will Lamb."

"Giles, I can't see any harm in her walking with Will. He goes by here every day to and from school. Mary has to go the same road. Will's a good moral boy, a good principled boy," said Mrs. Allen.

"What's good morals without a change of heart? He's never had a change," added the deacon. "Vain and worldly!"

Just then Mary entered the room. Mrs. Allen said: "My heart aches for my poor child. I know she's not happy; has looked sad ever since Deacon Allen gave her such a talking to last Friday."

Will Lamb was the youngest of John Lamb's boys. He always passed Deacon Allen's when on his way to school. Will was a boy of twelve at that time and a favorite with the school children. He was a well looking boy with more than ordinary intellect. He was the little boy Mary had singled out as a friend. She had often told him her troubles while walking to and from the school.

It was on one bright June morning, when the sun was shining in all its splendor, the grass

was still wet with rain, Will Lamb was on his way to school. As he cast his eyes around and saw every shrub and tree wet with rain he said to himself: "I guess Mother Nature's had a good cry."

As he came near the deacon's he saw Mary coming from the spring with two pails of water, so he hurried along and caught up with her and remarked: "Mary, I'll take your pails. What are you crying for?"

Mary could scarcely speak; her face was wet with tears. She finally wiped her face and said: "Papa Allen's scolding me most of the time when I'm at home."

"I hope you don't cry about that," said Will.

"I wouldn't cry if he didn't pull my hair and pinch my ears. I can't help crying when he hurts me so."

"Why, Mary, tell your mother."

"I did tell her the other day. The deacon said I was a lying little trollop, that he didn't hurt me, only shook me a little. You see my shoulder is lame where he shook me the other day. My mother seems to think Deacon Allen's almost perfect; believes everything he says."

"I think it's a shame for Deacon Allen to abuse you so for nothing. I believe I'd run away," said Will.

"Where should I go?"

"You couldn't get a worse place," said Will.

"You see, mother'd cry herself to death if I

should leave her. She cries every time she hears him scold me. She's sick and don't know how he pulls my hair. When I tell her he denies it all."

About that time Will flew into a rage and exclaimed: "When I get's big as a man he won't dare to abuse you. Let's see, Mary, it's two weeks from Friday school's out."

"I'm sorry," said Mary, "for then I'll have to stay at home all the time. Will, have you seen my play-house under the willow?"

"Who made it?" said Will.

"I made it. You know the deacon't been pulling stumps up back of the barn, so when he went to Ocelia the other day I went up and got two or three and carried them down under the willow, and got some boards and laid across them. It's a nice seat. I'll study my lessons down there this summer."

"I'll stop and see it going home to-night," remarked Will.

The school closed at half-past three. Little Mary came bounding out the door as happy as she could be. She had left off head of her class and held in her fingers a handsome picture as reward of merit. She and Will hurried along towards Mary play-house down by the spring. Mary ran ahead and sat down on one end of the board, calling to Will to take a seat. When he caught up she moved along and made room for him on the other side. Will, laughing, said:

"It's a splendid place to study if Deacon Allen don't find it out."

"He's always peeking around," said Mary. "I can't study in the house if he sees me. He'll tell me to get up and go to work."

"What would he say if the work was all done?"

"He would send me out-doors to work."

"Why, Mary, he's a perfect old brute. I'd not though him so mean, and a deacon, too!"

"He's always talking to others about their sins. I guess he'll have his share to answer for," said Mary. "He was finding fault with my mother the other day and made her cry."

"Mary, just look and see the willow, the branches and drooping near the ground, and look at the oak with the ivy clinging to its branches. I think it looks splendid. You couldn't have found a nicer place to study."

"Will, come and see the spring."

"Mary, this is the handsomest spot of all."

About that time a little speckled fish darted from one side of the spring to the other. How cool the water looked as it came bubbling up through the sand. Will, laughing, said: "Here's a looking-glass. Comb your hair, Mary. Put some ferns in one side."

"I must go to the house," said Mary, "or Deacon Allen will comb my hair with his fingers."

"Why, Mary, I think it's awful for Deacon Allen to pull your hair."

"I guess you'd think so if you'd seen him some times."

Just then she started and ran towards the house. Will looked after her and exclaimed: "Mary, can't I bring my books over and study with you some day?"

She hurried on, not saying a word but bowed her head yes, and ran into the house while Will hurried towards home.

CHAPTER XV.

DR. JONES WOOES HIS FIRST LOVE.

It had been two years since Dr. Jones' wife died. He still lived in Ocelia and had a large practice—prospered as he had never done before.

How often his mind wandered back to the scenes of his boyhood days. The time when he was happy while loving Martha Long, who was all and all to him. Many were the times he said to himself, "I'll go and see Martha. Oh, that I could hear from her own lips that she still loved me and was to be my guiding star! How unjust and cruel it was in me to leave her and marry another! How can she forgive and love me as of yore. I feel like one who's paid the penalty of a great crime. None but my Maker knows what I've suffered, and all for one misstep. Many have been misled and lived a life of regrets." And so it was with Dr. Jones. The young must learn from experience, though often a hard school it is.

As Dr. Jones was sitting in his office thinking of the past he said to himself: "I'll see

Martha Long and know if she retains one tender thought for me. If so, I'll devote my life to her happiness."

It was Thursday evening. Dr. Jones said to Mrs. Card: "I'm going away and shall be gone a few days. Jack will stay with you and do the chores. I want an early breakfast. Shall go in the stage to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Card was up at an early hour and had breakfast ready, not forgetting a nice warm steak, which the doctor was very fond of.

When the stage arrived at seven Dr. Jones was ready for his departure and soon was on his way to Moodus, where he expected to meet the object of his cherished hopes.

After the doctor's departure there was some considerable speculation as to the doctor's business. Some said he had gone to see a former sweetheart; others said it couldn't be so, for he started on Friday, which was an unlucky day, especially in love affairs. However, none were any wiser in regards to Dr. Jones' visit.

Monday about noon as Mr. Hull and two hired men were leaving the corn field for dinner, who should they meet but Dr. Jones, who had just arrived. Mr. Hall met the doctor at the front door and said: "How do you do, Dr. Jones. I'm glad to see you. Hope you are not looking for horse-thieves to-day?"

"No horse-thieves to-day, Mr. Hall. Thought

I'd come around and see if you were in need of a doctor. If so, I'm at your service."

"Doctor, we are all well at present and hope to find you the same."

"I assure you, Mr. Hall, I never felt better."

"Doctor, if you are looking for patients, you had better go up to Mrs. Climes'. She has a boarder, Miss Long. I think she's looked sad ever since you was here two years ago. Never mind, doctor, we'll have some dinner; then, doctor, if you want to see Martha I've no objections."

After dinner Mr. Hall showed the doctor around his farm, which was in a high state of cultivation. As they were walking slowly through the orchard Dr. Jones inquired if Martha Long still boarded with the widow Climes. Mr. Hall assured him that she was still boarding there and remarked: "Dr. Jones, I fear you've not done right by Martha. You see her brother coming home as he did changed her whole life."

"Yes, Mr. Hall, I know it was so. I've always felt condemned for believing what was told me in regards to her engagement. I ought to have known better. I'm older now, have learned from experience that we have to know a thing to believe it. I shall go and see Martha this very day."

It was June the first, the month of roses. Bright days, sweet zephyrs, clear skies. When

is the earth so beautiful, the air so fragrant, the sunbeams so golden and resplendent? What gorgeous robes the trees put on—robes of greenest leaves and brightly tinted flowers? Such is June in New England, hence it's the most charming month of the year.

More than two years had elapsed since Dr. Jones saw Martha Long at the school-house. Yet he had never ceased thinking of her, hoping and trusting the time would come when he should clasp her in his arms. He had loved her with his whole heart. Yet one misstep had separated them. Circumstances had placed him beside another and now that she was dead and gone, why should he hesitate to declare his love as of yore. Had he not repented the wrongs done Martha? Why delay in declaring his love when she was all and all to him?"

That very day Dr. Jones strolled across the meadow that led to the Cline mansion. Mrs. Cline lived at the old homestead some half a mile from the village. The house was an old-fashioned one with a gable roof and a big stone chimney. Just in front of the house was an apple tree in full blossom. There was no end to the rose bushes; some had climed to the eaves of the house while some of the more modest ones were blushing in the grass. Just back of the house were many large trees which made quite a grove. It was there the birds built their nests and reared their young. Where

could one find a more charming place at this season of the year? The air was filled with fragrance of flowers, while birds carroled on trees and shrubs. Why shouldn't Martha Long be happy surrounded by friends? Yet there was a void. Her heart yearned for one whom she might confide in—tell her joys and sorrows. Such were the feelings of Martha Long the day Dr. Jones called at Mrs. Cline's inquiring for Martha.

As he sat waiting in the northeast room he inhaled the fragrance of flowers. His mind reverted to the happy days he had passed with Martha, when all of a sudden the door was gently opened and Martha Long once more stood in Dr. Jones' presence. He arose and proffered her a trembling hand and said: "Martha, I'm very happy to meet you."

She bowed and said: "James, I was just thinking of you."

"It gives me unspeakable pleasure, Martha, or Matty, as I used to say, to know you gave me one thought."

"Why shouldn't I? Were you not a friend of my youth?"

"Yes, Matty, I'm your friend to-day."

"I hope you are. People are so changeable, we scarcely know our friends."

Martha sat down near the window and commenced chatting in a calm pleasant way. It would be impossible to tell all that was said;

but, reader, put yourself in his or her place, as the case may be, and think what you would say or do. Martha sat with downcast eyes, eager to devour every word that passed his lips. He could scarcely speak, her modest beauty so enchanted him. So the hours went by until Mrs. Cline came into the room and announced dinner, saying: "You must need refreshments," so led the way to the dining-room, where all sat down to dinner and talked of the past and present, of the many changes that had taken place since Dr. Jones had lived in the neighborhood. After dinner the doctor invited Martha to walk. She readily consented. He said he would like to go down to the old homestead where Martha had lived in her early days.

About two o'clock Martha was ready and waiting with her green calash in hand, ready for a strole. They walked along leisurely until they had passed the grove, coming in sight of the old home. As they neared the house it was plain to be seen it had been neglected, falling into decay for want of care. Martha said it made her sad to see the old place, for it reminded her of the friends who had passed on, never to return.

After looking around awhile it was decided to return to Mrs. Cline's. They were walking side by side when they neared the grove back of Mrs. Cline's house. All of a sudden they came to the big rock where they sat more than

ten years ago. The doctor looked at the rock and remarked: "Martha, do you remember the rock?"

She assured him she could not forget it. She had often visited it when alone and had sat upon it thinking of the past. "James, you've ever been with me when I've visited this spot. We've sat together as we did years ago. I've almost felt your presence. I'm not a spiritualist. It must be something nearly approaching it to have brought you so vividly before my mind when visiting this rock, where I've rested and ruminated."

"I've been with you here often," said the doctor, and in the meantime they had seated themselves upon the rock where they sat so many years ago. The doctor was the first to speak, and said: "Martha, have you forgotten the time when we were betrothed?"

She sat with downcast eyes; tears were falling.

Dr. Jones fell upon his knees and exclaimed: "Can you forgive the wrongs I've done you? I've suffered. God only knows how much. Let me hear from your dear lips that I'm forgiven!"

She raised her eyes with a beseeching look and said: "James, I forgave you long ago."

He clasped her hands and said: "The angel you are! How can I atone for the wrongs

you've suffered? I've always loved you as I've never loved another."

"That was a long time ago," said Martha.

"Can't you find one spark of love left?" said the doctor. "Oh, that you will give me one cheering word that would give me hope."

Martha arose and said: "Let us return to the house; it's getting damp." As they were strolling towards the house Martha spoke of the events that had transpired. The doctor didn't hesitate to speak of his marriage with Almira Brown and his brief acquaintance previous to their marriage. At six o'clock they returned to Mrs. Cline's house. The doctor then told Martha his plans for the future.

"Martha, I shall write you, hoping the time'll come when I can call you my own dear wife."

"James, I'll take time to consider before I consent to be your wife. Again, be assured you've ever been very dear to me. I've prayed for your happiness even when you were wedded to another. James, when you write I'll surely answer your letters."

"Oh, thanks!" said the doctor. "I'm so happy knowing you have the same kind of heart. I leave here to-morrow morning and shall be on my way to Ocelia with bright hopes, waiting your answer."

It was thus Dr. Jones took his leave of Martha Long. Three days later he arrived at Oce-

lia, taking up his daily round of business with a cheerful heart, looking forward to the time when he would be happily wedded to his first love, Martha Long.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN TO THE FARM.

The season was most delightful. When was it more charming than July the first! Just the time to stroll around the farm where birds and flowers hold their sway. The air was filled with the fragrance of sweet briar. None need question why I journeyed onward to the farm, where I found Deacon Allen happy and prospering.

It being a busy season of the year, when all the men were anxiously working in the hay field, I strolled along near the spring. I was somewhat surprised when I saw little Mary seated under the willow reading a favorite book of poems. She had a passion for poetry and would read for hours if not interrupted. As she sat there reading in one of her dreamy moods who should pass but Deacon Allen and Jim Lamb, coming from the meadow, where they had been mowing. The deacon was hurrying along, yet he was looking in every little nook. Finally he spied Mary with her book and exclaimed: "What are you doing here, you lazy thing?"

"I was reading," said Mary.

"You'd better get up and go to work," said the deacon.

"I've done all the work mamma wanted me to. She said I could come down here for a while."

The deacon looked at her with an ugly, sarcastic look and said: "All you think of is books. Start yourself for the house and get ready to help rake."

Mary threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Oh, papa, I can't; my hands are dreadfully sore where I raked yesterday. They are all blistered now."

"You make a big fuss over small things," said the deacon.

Mary started for the house with an aching heart, thinking she would have to rake with blistered hands. When she had reached the kitchen her mother inquired what the trouble was, as Mary was crying.

By that time Deacon Allen spoke up and said: "She's too lazy for anything. I believe she would sit all day under that willow, from morning till night, with a book in her hands just to get rid of work."

"Why, Giles," said Mrs. Allen, "she never refuses to work. She's worked all the morning; washed up the dishes, swept the floor, got the baby to sleep. I told her she could go out and read or play while the baby slept."

The deacon looked somewhat excited and remarked: "She can go and help rake this afternoon." At the same time he cast a look of hatred at Mary, telling her to pull off her shoes. "I don't want them all scratched up. Shoes cost money. Precious little you earn. I can't afford to take care of other people's children for nothing."

About that time Mrs. Allen came up all excited and trembling and said: "Giles, I don't think you're taking care of Mary. She does all she can to help. I buy all her clothes, even shoes. Besides, she owns a part of this farm. You say yourself it's worth three thousand dollars. You are saving money every year."

"Yes," said the deacon, "and I have to work for it."

"We all have to work," said Mrs. Allen.

"What's a little housework to a man's work? Come, Mary, we'll see what we can do down in the meadow. I don't know but we may get a shower. Lots of hay down, so hurry along."

"Giles, I should think you and Jim could get up the hay. Let Mary stay in the house. She's not looking well to-day."

The deacon hurried towards the meadow, calling to Mary "to hurry or Jim'll get the hay all raked before you get there."

Finally he came around near Mary and remarked: "Take this rake. See what you can

do. I believe we're going to get a shower. Hurry, hurry up!"

Mary commenced raking and at the same time commenced crying. The rake hurt her hands so bad she couldn't help crying.

When four o'clock came the hay was nearly raked. Deacon Allen said: "This hay must be put into the barn. I'll finish the raking while you hitch up the mare," Jim.

Jim started for the barn. The deacon hollowed: "Hurry, hurry, Mary! Don't be fooling."

In the course of ten minutes Jim returned with horse and lumber wagon. The hay was all raked. Mary said: "Papa, can't I go to the house? I'm afraid when it thunders and lightens."

"Stay right where you are," said the deacon. "Take that rake and rake after the load."

"Oh, papa, see that cloud. I'm awfully afraid."

"That's a warning to you—repent of your sins and you won't be afraid."

Just then Jim spoke up and said: "Do let the child go to the house. I guess we can manage the hay."

"I want her to mind when I tell her to do a thing."

Soon there was one load carried to the barn and pitched from the wagon, then hurried back for a second load. By that time the wind was

blowing fiercely. The lightning was sharp. Mary would cry with fear every time it thundered. Finally the last load of hay was on its way to the barn. It had already commenced sprinkling. The deacon shouted: "Mary, hurry to the house or you'll get wet."

The clouds were black; the rain commenced pouring. Before Mary could reach the door her clothes were completely wet through. When she had reached the kitchen she threw herself into a chair. It was not necessary for her to speak. Her mother could read a world of meaning. Her eyes were like a book of sorrow, every page blotted with tears. Mrs. Allen saw how pale and sad her child was looking and remarked: "Mary, why did you stay so long?"

The poor child tried to speak, but couldn't—commenced crying.

The sight of Mary and her distress made Mrs. Allen wish she had never seen Deacon Allen. What could she do? She had a small child and poor health. The sight of Mary was enough to make her despise Deacon Allen. She immediately removed Mary's wet clothes and put on dry ones instead. The mother tried in vain to comfort her child. Mary said but little and finally concluded to go to bed, as her head ached. Mrs. Allen was somewhat alarmed about Mary, fearing she might have taken cold, so put her feet into warm water and gave warm

pennyroyal tea before going to bed, hoping she would be well by morning.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Birds were singing at break of day from woodland and lee. All nature seemed to rejoice. Even Deacon Allen seemed happy. The thought that he had secured his hay without being wet made him smile as he walked to the barn to do the chores. How different was everything in the house! Mrs. Allen had slept but little during the night. Mary had been restless, rolling from one side of the bed to the other with a burning fever, sometimes wandering in her mind.

At an early hour next morning Mrs. Allen said to Deacon Allen: "I shall send for Dr. Jones."

Deacon Allen said: "There's no need of a doctor. I can bleed her. Give her a little dose of salts and senna and she'll be all right in a few days."

Mrs. Allen was determined to send for Dr. Jones and said to the deacon: "Giles, will you go to Ocelia for the doctor?"

The deacon gave his wife an insignificant look and said: "I don't see how I can. Jim Lamb's coming to work to-day. I want to get my work along as fast as possible."

It was about sunrise when Jim came. Mrs. Allen was watching and waiting to see Jim before he would get to work, hoping she might

get Will to go for the doctor. When she had told Jim about Mary's sickness, he replied: "Certainly, I'll run back home and send Will. Is Mary very sick?"

"I fear she's dangerously so. She's had a high fever all night. Tell Will to hurry the doctor."

Jim soon returned, telling Mrs. Allen Will had gone. Mrs. Allen managed to get breakfast for the deacon and Jim, but was not able to eat a mouthful herself. Her heart and hands were full.

About ten o'clock Dr. Jones arrived. He looked at Mary and made some inquiry, shook his head and said: "She's a very sick child; taken a sudden cold, threatened with fever besides nervous prostration. I see her mind is wandering; acts as if she's afraid. Has she been doing anything unusual to bring this on?"

"Helped her father rake yesterday," said Mrs. Allen, "and got caught in the shower."

"I fear she's taken a sudden cold. She's not strong enough to rake," said the deacon. "I see her hands are all blistered. She must have the best of care, Mrs. Allen, or you'll not raise her. This powder we give right away; the drops give every half hour. You need some one to help you, Mrs. Allen. Mary can't be neglected."

"Doctor, can I get you to go to Uncle Bur-

ley's and see if Alice'll come up for a few days?"

"It'll give me pleasure," said the doctor, "to accommodate you. I think I had better come up again this afternoon."

Mrs. Allen devoted most of her time to the care of Mary through the day.

At five o'clock Dr. Jones and Alice arrived at Deacon Allen's. When Alice spoke Mrs. Allen burst into a flood of tears—her heart was more than full. She put her arms around Alice's neck and exclaimed: "How very kind you are to come when I'm in such trouble! I shall never forget your kindness."

After Dr. Jones had made a thorough examination he said: "Mary's no worse; not quite so much fever."

I had forgot to tell you, Will Lamb had been over to inquire about Mary after being told how sick she was. He started for home with a heavy heart, for he knew how unpleasant Mary's home was. She had made him her confidant. He disliked Deacon Allen for his cruel treatment of Mary. He said to himself: "I'l be glad if Mary ever gets away from that cruel man. I believe he's the cause of her sickness. He's a cruel man; do most anything for money."

Alice was at Deacon Allen's three weeks; took all the care of Mary, besides helping Rosie about the work. After eight or ten days Mary

began sitting up a little. There was one little incident I want to relate. It was after Mary had been sitting up some few days that Alice couldn't help looking at her, for she looked so calm and heavenly. All of a sudden she said: "I've seen my father. The first night I was sick he came to me and said: 'Don't cry, my little girl. I'll stay with you.' He was round my bed and called me his dear girl. Then I was not afraid."

Alice looked at Rosie and said: "I guess you were dreaming, Mary."

"No, I wasn't," said Mary. "He came every night; looked so pleasant and kind. He wouldn't have called me his dear girl if it wasn't he."

Alice said she thought Deacon Allen a dreadful selfish man. Although he tried to make himself very agreeable, often coming in and inquiring after Mary, still there was one thing she didn't understand—that Mary seemed afraid and commenced crying every time he came in sight.

Mary had got quite well—sat up all day. The doctor advised a change of scene. So it was decided that she should go home with Alice, who was expecting her father Saturday.

It was in the early twilight when he arrived. The day had been an exceedingly warm one. For that reason Mr. Burley had not hurried along. Little Mary was running and capering

around, like the little lambkins after being housed up for a time, when she saw Uncle Burley coming. She hurried down the road to meet him, and climbed into the back of the wagon, threw her arms around her uncle's neck and exclaimed: "I'm going home with you."

"How do you know you are?" said Mr. Burley.

"Mamma and Miss Alice said so."

"Deacon Allen can't spare you," said Mr. Burley.

Mary looked far away while a tear stole down her cheek.

Mr. Burley looked at her and remarked: "Mary, where's your bonnet and shawl. We'll have to hurry, it's getting late."

Mary was not long in adjusting her bonnet and shawl, and went bouncing into the wagon, after kissing her mother and the baby. Mary loved the baby—said she would be lonesome without it. "I shall want to see mamma and baby." As she passed out of the door she dropped her head and remarked: "That's all."

As Uncle Burley was driving along Mary chatted in her childish way—seemed happy talking about her visit. Sometimes she sang; sometimes repeated poetry. Alice said it did her good to see the child so happy.

As they neared the Burley place Mr. Burley remarked: "Mary, I'll have to keep you for my girl."

She threw up her hands and shouted, "Goody, goody, I'll call you papa all the time."

When they arrived at the Burley home Mary went bounding into the house and threw her arms around Aunt Polly's neck and said: "I'm your girl."

Uncle Burley, laughing, said: "I guess so, if Deacon Allen don't take you away from us."

Mary dropped her eyes and sat silent while Aunt Polly remarked: "Silas, don't plague the child. Let her take all the comfort she can. Poor child, she'll have all the care and trouble she can bear."

"Care and trouble seems to be a legacy for some poor mortals," added Mr. Burley.

"Little Mary has a better legacy," said Aunt Polly. "She's a sunny nature with a loving heart; that'll bring love and sunshine to her home."

"This is my home," said Mary as she went bounding out the door to find the kittens.

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. JONES AT HOME.

Ocelia was just as quiet as ever. Still the stage came rumbling into town every night and morning, just as it had for the last forty years. The men folks were in the habit of congregating around the post office to get their mail and hear the news. On the morning of August the first there seemed to be more than the usual number waiting for the stage. As it was some half an hour late some feared an accident had happened. The stage-driver, as a rule, was always on time. However, the stage arrived. It being past the regular time, all huddled around the stage to hear the news. As the stage-driver cast his eyes on the crowd he remarked: "Sad news this morning. Great conflagration just over the Pennsylvania line. Judge Thomas' place with all its contents destroyed—the judge himself burned to death. He went back into the house to secure some papers, the roof fell in, so no help for him. Some one inquired who Judge Thomas was. None seemed to know him. The stage-driver finally

said: "He's a retired judge and wealthy. He had one daughter, an only child. He and his daughter with a few servants lived alone. The daughter had been married, but didn't live with the husband."

"Sad thing to happen," said Mr. Burley. "What's become of the daughter?"

"That's the saddest of all," remarked the stage-driver. "She became a raving maniac, wrung her hands and wept continually, calling for her child. She seemed to think it was burned with her father. Some said she had no child; others said she had one that was boarded away from home, so as to keep it from her husband, who had threatened to take it from her; she was seeking a divorce. She raved for two days and finally threw herself into the river and was drowned. It was a great shock to all the neighborhood. No one thought of her committing the rash act."

The men folks continued to center around the post office, hoping to hear more of Judge Thomas and his daughter, also the cause of the fire. As Judge Thomas and daughter had passed on to the great beyond, none were left to tell their secrets. There's many a secret that's never been solved. The baby that was left at Miss Amy's was one of those secrets, or mysteries. The baby's some two years old, yet none have solved the mystery.

Mr. Burley looked at the crowd that gathered

around the stage with a mysterious look and remarked: "Who knows but Miss Amy's baby may be connected with Judge Thomas's daughter. At least it's one of the secrets that'll remain to the end of time."

After a few days there was no more said about Judge Thomas and the fire.

One morning while waiting for the stage Dr. Jones remarked: "How soon people forget the misfortunes of others! As my business takes me into all grades of society, I find true happiness is a rare gem, and but few attain it."

Poor Mrs. Card seemed as happy as she could be. She could attend church every Sunday, had good warm clothes to wear. She often said: "Dr. Jones is one of the best men I ever saw. He's just had his house painted outside and furnished the parlor elegantly—looks fine. I never saw such a handsome set of china as he's just bought. He brought it home Saturday night—over a hundred pieces. He seems to take delight in having his home look nice."

Of course people would talk, and did, seeing the doctor fix up so much. Some were jealous. You know there's always some jealous ones—feel envious to see a neighbor have things they can't afford. It was generally thought Dr. Jones was about to marry Martha Long. Some said it would be a good match; others didn't believe in marrying a second time. He had corresponded with Martha ever since he parted

with her at Mrs. Cline's. Martha's school had closed. The term was out and she was making preparations for a journey. Some said she was going out West, where her brother lived; some of the more knowing ones said she was going to marry Dr. Jones, while others thought she had taught school long enough and had plenty of money. She had always been fortunate in her investments. Her money had doubled and trebled.

September the first was the time set for Dr. Jones' vacation. He was to visit his old home at Moodus. He was somewhat weary waiting for the time to come when he should seek the object of his choice. Finally September came with its warm sunny days. The air was warm and balmy, the katydids sang their lonesome song, "Katydid, Katydidn't." Also the cricket repeated its chirping. All nature seemed to rejoice as Dr. Jones started on his journey to Moodus.

After passing one of the happiest weeks of his life he returned to Ocelia with his wife. None would wish to see a happier couple than Dr. Jones and his first love, Martha Long, who was his present wife. Martha seemed happy and contented. She was proud of Dr. Jones and to think he was all her own.

Mrs. Card said: "Mrs. Jones is beautiful and a real lady. I hope she'll give me a home. I sometimes fear I'll have to find another."

One day Mrs. Jones was passing Mrs. Card's room. She thought she heard some one sobbing and rapped at the door. Mrs. Card said: "Come in." As she passed in, to her surprise she found poor old Mrs. Card crying and exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Card, what's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Card wiped her face and replied: "I was thinking where I would go if you don't care for me to work."

"Why, Mrs. Card, cheer up. I want you. The doctor was telling me only yesterday we couldn't get along without you; and, as for myself, I want you all the time. Don't give yourself any uneasiness. You'll always have a home with us. The doctor says so; we can't get along without you, so cheer up."

Just then some one rapped at the front door. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Card hurried down. Mrs. Burley had come over to congratulate the doctor and wife. Mrs. Burley had always taken great interest in Dr. Jones and was well pleased to see him so nicely situated. Alice called on Mrs. Jones and was delighted with her. They soon became warm friends.

It was not long before the people ceased talking about Dr. Jones' wife. All agreed that she was agreeable and lovely.

It was November; yes, golden autumn had nearly passed. The forest had not discarded all of her rich robes, chestnuts and walnuts

were dropping and the harvest moon cast her smiling countenance o'er saint and sinner alike. Little Mary was still at Uncle Burley's. She had regained her health and had been attending school at Ocelia. She said not a word about returning home; she saw her mother every week. Deacon Allen and his wife were at church every Sunday, where Mary had a chance to see her mother and baby.

The spring came. Mary had attended the winter term of school, where she made great progress in her studies. She was one that only had to read her lesson to know it. It was a theme of comment—her ready knowledge of books. She was a large girl for a girl of ten.

Deacon Allen said it was high time Mary came home—there were many things she could do on the farm to help along. He and his wife finally concluded to drive down to Ocelia and have Mary come home. Mrs. Allen longed to have her child home again. She loved her with a tender motherly love. Mrs. Allen was one of those kind of women who let every one do as they pleased. It was no use to oppose Deacon Allen. He had always had his way, regardless of other people's ways. It was so in regard to Mary. He said she was a big, stout girl, capable of doing lots of work. "What's the difference, working outdoors or indoors, as long as it saves hiring help?"

Mary didn't like working outdoors and told

her mother so. Mrs. Allen tried to have Mary please the deacon, so as to avoid strife and quarreling. Mary ran at every beck and call and tried all ways to please him. It was all of no use, for he seemed determined not to be pleased. Mary often said she would go back to Uncle Burley's, where she didn't have to work out-doors all the time. The deacon would fly into a rage when Mary said anything about going to Uncle Burley's to live. She didn't tell all her thoughts, however; she made up her mind not to work out doors all the time at manual labor. The deacon said it saved hiring a man. When the day's work was done she would have to make a great effort to get to the house—she was so tired. Deacon Allen didn't hesitate in striking her with the lash; she had carried the stripes for a week on her back and arms, yet her mother had never dreamed of such a thing. The deacon said all children had to have their wills broken so as to make them submissive to parents and guardians as well as God.

It was the 15th of April. Deacon Allen started to go out to work. He said Mary was doing nothing and could just as well go out and help. Mary hesitated and commenced crying. Her mother urged her, telling her to run along with papa. Mrs. Allen knew there would be a storm of words if Mary didn't obey. Mrs. Allen was a very quiet woman, would do al-

most anything to have peace. Some said: "She's a milk and water woman or she could never get along with Deacon Allen." Be that as it may, Mary went out with Deacon Allen. She never returned. It was dark before the deacon came to the house. Mrs. Allen had been worrying for some time, not knowing the cause of their absence. Finally the deacon came. Mrs. Allen was greatly alarmed when she found Mary had not returned. Deacon Allen gave her to understand he knew nothing of her whereabouts. Mrs. Allen was shocked—knew not what to say. She finally left little Sadie with her father and went outside the door and commenced calling "Mary!" When there was no response to her call she became almost frantic. Will Lamb was passing the house at the time and hearing Mrs. Allen's call in such a frantic tone, he became alarmed and went into the house and found Deacon Allen sitting near the fire holding little Sadie. His face was pale—seemed somewhat agitated. Will inquired the cause of Mrs. Allen's grief. When he had learned that Mary was not to be found he immediately started on a searching tour. When he had looked in every nook and corner, shouting at the height of his voice, "Mary! Mary!" and found there was no response to his call, his heart sank within him. He almost suspected Deacon Allen being the cause of all the trouble.

After searching in every conceivable place he returned to the house, only to find Mrs. Allen in hysterics. He hardly knew what to do for it was one o'clock and Mary was not found. He finally suggested going to Ocelia for Dr. Jones; besides, he wanted to make an alarm of Mary's disappearance. Deacon Allen had almost lost his mind, seeing his wife in such a turmoil. He looked at Will with a wild stare and exclaimed: "You had better hitch up my horse and go for Dr. Jones. Don't spare the horse. I fear she'll die before he gets here."

Will was equal to the occasion. In less than one hour he was back with Dr. Jones—not only Dr. Jones, for he had spread the news through Ocelia. Each and every one seemed anxious to know the cause of Mary's disappearance. Mrs. Allen continued to rave and call for Mary.

At break of day next morning a searching party commenced exploring the farm. Deacon Allen had been planting corn the day of Mary's disappearance. His tracks and also Mary's were visible in the plowed ground. There was one spot which gave evidence of a scuffle. There were prints of a body lying on the ground. Some said it was where the dog lay; others said it looked like a human body. About twenty feet away was a large bunch of bushes—the deacon had heaped them up, intending to burn them. Dr. Jones remarked: "Better look under that bunch of bushes."

Each and every one began pulling them over, and finally Will Lamb pulled out Mary's apron and a hair-ribbon, which was at the bottom of the heap. When Will had brought them in sight, Dr. Jones remarked: "What do you think of it?"

Some of the old men shook their heads and groaned aloud. It was evident there had been murder. Will Lamb seemed wild with rage and said Deacon Allen should be arrested for the murder, for, in his mind, there was not a doubt as to his guilt.

When the apron and hair-ribbon were brought into the house and displayed in the presence of Deacon Allen, his face was an ashly white. He shook from head to foot. Mrs. Allen looked like a marble statue; Alice Burley, with her arm around her, trying to comfort her; even little Sadie looked sick.

After looking and scouring the country for miles around, there were no tidings of the lost child. It was finally thought best to have Deacon Allen arrested. If he was innocent, give him a chance to prove it; otherwise, he should be convicted. Sheriff Jackson was the officer to serve the papers. Friday morning, with a posse of officers, Sheriff Jackson was on hand to arrest Deacon Allen for the murder of Mary Hull. When Sheriff Jackson arrived at Deacon Allen's, he rapped, while his aid waited outside. Alice opened the door and in-

formed the officer that Deacon Allen was not in the house, had been out all the morning. Sheriff Jackson, with his posse of officers, betook themselves to the barn and commenced looking around, and finally mounted the hayloft, where they were shocked to find Deacon Allen hanging with a rope about his neck, dead. Sheriff Jackson cut the rope, hoping to restore him, which was impossible. He had been dead some hours. It was necessary there should be an inquest. There were twelve men summoned who agreed that it was a case of suicide. The body was taken to the house, where it was prepared for burial. Mrs. Allen was unconscious of the surroundings. The only visible sign of consciousness was she would appear at the front door every hour or two and in a loud, shrill voice call "Mary, Mary," then elapse into unconsciousness.

Mr. Burley was equal to the occasion and took charge of all the affairs. Alice was still with Mrs. Allen, taking all the care of little Sadie, who seemed to be more or less croupy. No one thought her dangerous, as she still played around, until Sunday, when all of a sudden she dropped her playthings, fetched a loud screetch and was in spasms, and died soon after. There had been a messenger dispatched to Dr. Jones, who soon arrived with his wife. Everything in and around the house was confusion and turmoil. Dr. Jones said it was

advisable for the burial to occur soon as convenient, as Mrs. Allen was in a critical condition, mentally. It was decided to bury little Sadie with her father; in so doing there would be but one grave and that one beside Deacon Allen's first wife, who was buried on his farm, which joined Mrs. Allen's place.

About eight o'clock Monday morning the people commenced coming until it seemed as if the whole town had turned out. There had never anything like it occurred in the town. When the coffins were lowered into the grave old men shook their heads and groaned aloud, while old women wrung their hands and wept. The Rev. Goody, pastor of the Ocelia Church, made a short prayer, then all was over; all that was mortal of Deacon Allen had perished. The immortal passed on to the Great Beyond. Some said Deacon Allen must of been crazy; others expressed themselves differently, said he had been a dreadful good man. One old man expressed his ideas thus: "Deacon Allen was a money getter. That was his god. He didn't care how he got it. That's the cause of his downfall. You see, if he could of got rid of the child, he would of come into possession of all of her property through her mother, who would of been her natural heir. How strange! Now that he and little Sadie are dead, Mrs. Allen comes into possession of all of his, which was no small sum."

As everything was in such a commotion and disorderly state it was thought best to appoint a custodian. Mr. Burley remarked: "Here's the Lambs living near by, who know all about the place and will look after everything and see that it's all right."

So it was decided Jim Lamb was to have the keys and stay at the place and care for it until such time as the estate could be settled. Dr. Jones advised the removal of Mrs. Allen immediately, as she was in a state of mental collapse. Dr. Jones said he and his wife would come up to the farm Tuesday morning and take Mrs. Allen and Alice to Mr. Burley's, where he might be near his patient. Alice and Mrs. Wilson cared for Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Dr. Jones was more than a sister in all those trying scenes. She had known sorrow and hoped to elevate her friend above all worldly sorrows. None were allowed to speak of Deacon Allen, or Mary, nor even of little Sadie. It was months before Mrs. Allen spoke of herself or family. One of the first things to be noted was going to the front door and calling "Mary" in a loud, shrill voice. She continued to do that for the next eight years.

Upon the settlement of Deacon Allen's estate, after considerable speculating and some legal advice, Mr. Burley was appointed guardian over Mrs. Allen and her estate. Mr. Burley was a thorough business man, one that

looked after every little detail; had an eye for speculation or good investment.

There was none more sad or desolate than Will Lamb after Mary's disappearance. He, with others, had traversed the country for miles around, yet there were no tidings of the lost child. It was a mystery as much as though she had been swallowed up in an avalanche. There was no clue, no hope; everything pointed to murder. There had been a reward of five hundred dollars offered by the town and five more by Mr. Burley in case the child be found, dead or alive.

It had often been remarked that Will Lamb looked sick. Some thought he was going into decline. However, he applied himself more closely to his books and drawing, in which he was making great progress. From early boyhood it had been a theme of comment—his skill in drawing—and now that he was fifteen years old it was more notable. His whole theme was architecture or contract building. It was his intention to identify himself with a firm in Binghampton when eighteen years of age, so as to have practical knowledge of his chosen avocation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALICE BURLEY'S MARRIAGE.

May was near at hand, and there was never a more charming season with bud and blossom. All nature seemed to smile; birds sang their sweetest songs; everything seemed in harmony with God's great plan. Even the barefooted boy whistled, keeping in time with the cowbell, as he drove the cows to and from the pasture. Everything was joyous and serene.

May the first was the day set for Alice's and Augustus's marriage. There had been talk of it the previous autumn. The old people could hardly listen to a thought of it, so it was put off until the first day of May. There had been great preparations.

The disappearance of little Mary and the death of Deacon Allen, with other unavoidable circumstances, almost upset the arrangement. After due consideration, however, it was decided that the wedding nuptials should be celebrated May the first, but a quiet wedding it must be. A few intimate friends were invited. Mrs. Wilson had charge of the wedding din-

ner. Dr. Jones and wife were conspicuous guests, looking and caring for Mrs. Allen, who was much improved, yet mentally in a dazed state, but seemed happy and contented, now and then calling for little Mary.

At twelve o'clock Alice and Augustus were united in matrimony by the Rev. Goody, pastor of Ocelia Church. He said it had never been his luck to unite a more distinguished looking couple.

After receiving congratulations, all partook of a royal good dinner. Augustus and Alice were to take their departure for Rochester, where Augustus had an elegant house all furnished in modern style awaiting their arrival.

Charles Burley, Alice's brother and Augustus's law partner, had planned a little surprise by having the house filled with guests to welcome the bride and groom with a sumptuous and elaborate tea. Augustus and his wife were as happy, as happy, as a bride and groom could be. While friends were giving them a cordial welcome to their new home with many congratulations, it seemed there never was a couple which started with brighter prospects than they.

Aunt Polly said it was a great pleasure to have Rosie stay with them, as Alice had married and gone to her new home. Rosie seemed to take her place, being the same age as Alice, besides she had always been an intimate friend

of the family. Aunt Polly always called Mrs. Allen, Rosie. She had always said Rosie Hull had no business with Deacon Allen. Yet Deason Allen was looked upon as a dreadfully good man.

Mrs. Eaton said to Mrs. Crab: "It don't seem possible that Deacon Allen murdered that child; although he's a dreadful close man; do almost anything for money. You remember, Mrs. Crab, how he turned old Mrs. Card out of doors? I've always felt differently about Deacon Allen's goodness since that time."

"I remember it all," said Mrs. Crab. "I've known for a long time Deacon Allen wanted to get rid of Mary, or at least have her go out to work. I guess Mary's disappearance will always be a mystery."

"Such things do happen in real life," said Mrs. Eaton.

"That's so," remarked Mrs. Crab. "He would never of committed suicide if he had been innocent of the crime. You see, everything pointed to murder. There was no other way out of it but suicide. My old man, John, said he ought to of done it years ago, when his first wife died. There was lots of talk about him then."

"I know there was," said Mrs. Eaton. "He always attended church and made long prayers."

"That was his way," remarked Mrs. Crab.

"He's passed on where he'll get his just deserts. I'm glad I'm not his judge. It must be very hard for his widow to be taken away from her home—children and everything gone, besides all the disgrace. How fortunate—they say she don't realize what's happened and goes around like one dazed. Aunt Polly's awful glad she's there, for she's taken Alice's place."

When Mr. Burley took the power of attorney, with papers to settle the estate, some thought he had a big job on his hands. As it turned out, Deacon's death and little Sadie dying after him, it left all the property to Mrs. Allen. Mr. Burley wanted to sell the whole estate—said he could make better investment.

It's strange how superstitious some people are. There was already a story afloat—that the barn was haunted.

It was a lovely place, but some people had got the impression that it would sell cheap on account of the ghost stories. Strange how many people are afraid of ghosts. However, Mr. Burley hung on to the farm until an Eastern Yankee came along looking for just such a farm. He had scarcely heard of the place, when he was informed all about the haunted barn. He, being a man that had traveled quite a considerable, had also read and tried to inform himself, and had never seen a ghost, and said he was not afraid of them, so concluded to buy the farm, also all the real estate that

had formerly belonged to Deacon Allen. It was fine—a fine estate in a high state of cultivation.

The seasons came and went, with no visible sign that there had been an unusual occurrence happened. People had ceased talking of the mysterious disappearance of little Mary and Deacon Allen's name was scarcely mentioned. Dr. Jones and his wife were just as happy as ever. Mrs. Jones had endeared herself to the people of Ocelia by her kind and loving ways, always ready to lend a helping hand to all that were in need of help, mentally and physically. As poor old Mrs. Card was getting old and feeble, she was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Jones. The doctor could not of done more if it had of been his own mother. Everything in and around Ocelia was prospering.

We all know prosperity brings wants of some kind, so it was in that case; the people in and around the place had long felt the need of a new church, there being only one in the place, a Baptist. The Congregationalists were a flourishing society and were anxious to have a church of their own, so as to worship God under their own vine and fig tree.

It's no easy job to build a church and have all its members satisfied. There was much talk and agitation as to the new church, and finally there was a committee appointed who was to let the contract to some suitable firm.

It was a hard job to locate the site for the house. Some wanted it one way; some another. Finally all agreed, and it was let to a contractor of Binghampton by the name of Mott Brothers. After securing the contract, Mr. Mott placed Will Lamb in charge, to have full charge. Will had been with the Mott Brothers for three or four years, consequently excelled as an architect. He seemed to be born for that business, giving perfect satisfaction.

The church was built and accepted as a model of beauty, filling every detail of the contract. The people in Ocelia were highly gratified with the way the work had been done and to know it was one of their own townsmen who had been the builder.

Will Lamb was congratulated on every side Some called him "Lamb, the contractor." He was twenty-one at that time and a fine-looking man with an intelligent face that always wore a thoughtful, sad look. He had never seemed like himself since the disappearance of little Mary Hull. If by chance her name was spoken, he would invariably leave the room as though it had brought a pang of sorrow. He had never ceased thinking that Deacon Allen was the whole and only cause of Mary's disappearance. He often said: "I can build a meeting house, although I've no use for deacons. I shall never forget Deacon Allen."

After building the church at Ocelia he sev-

ered his connections with the Mott Brothers, previous to his locating at Philadelphia, Pa. He had always spoken of the Quaker City as a grand opening for a man of talent. Surely, where could he find a place more suited to his taste? So, on a wet and cloudy day in March, he packed up all his belongings and started for Philadelphia, where he had made preparations to locate as a contract builder. Philadelphia was a broad field where he might show his skill as an architect.

The people in and around Ocelia, who had always known Will Lamb from a boy, were loath to have him leave. He was the one most talked about and highly respected, yet he had found his way to Philadelphia, where he was located in business.

Dr. Jones said it was a pity to lose such a man as Will Lamb. "We need them right here in our own town."

Mr. Burley expressed his regrets, hoping Will would prosper.

Just then Jack Stout came along near Mr. Burley's place. He had just captured two little cubs; happened to run on to them while the old bear was away looking for a morning meal. Jack had ran all the way, fearing he might be overtaken by the bear. Jack was a great hunter and trapper. It was not an unusual thing for him to catch large quantities of game, which was his main dependence for his support. He

had been known to wander off as far as the Indian Reservation, which was a long ways off. Jack was a big, burly fellow, honest and good-natured, ready to do a good turn whenever it came his way. Jack never seemed to have any object in view—hunting and fishing was his hobby. He traversed the country for miles around in search of game. He always fetched up at the Indian Reservation twice a year, buying furs from the Indians. He made lots of money on his furs. Jack always stopped to see Mr. Burley when passing that way. He said Mr. Burley was the best man he ever saw. He had not forgotten how he rescued him from a watery grave when a boy. It was on Sunday morning; Jack was setting a trap for mink when he slipped into a deep hole that was partially covered with snow and ice. Jack couldn't swim; would of been drowned if it hadn't been for Mr. Burley passing that way. He was on his way to a neighboring school house, where he held religious services every first Sunday in each month of the year. Just as he was crossing the bridge he heard a splashing in the water and hastened to the spot just in time to see a dark object sinking. Mr. Burley caught hold of a long limb that was lying near by and shouted, and, at the same time, threw the limb. All of a sudden the dark object rose and caught hold of the limb; whereupon Mr. Burley pulled with all his strength

and finally landed it on shore. To his great surprise it was Jack Stout, more dead than alive. Mr. Burley worked over Jack till he was able to take care of himself; nor did he leave him until he had promised Mr. Burley he would never hunt nor fish on Sunday. I think he always kept his promise. He said it was Satan's work, his hunting and fishing on the Sabbath, and surely if he had drowned he would of been lost forever, as Satan always seeks those whom he may devour.

Jack never came into the neighborhood when he didn't bring venison to Mr. Burley. Some thought he had befriended little Mary Hull by helping her get away from Deacon Allen's. It was all supposition, as no one ever heard him speak her name, until after she had married Will Lamb and visited her friends. Then, he tells the story to Mr. Burley, and knowing Mr. Burley to be a friend and relative of the family, Jack commenced telling his story in a short, concise way which was a surprise to Mr. Burley, although he had always said some one must of helped her away. Now that Mary was married and happy, Jack took delight in telling the story and how he helped her to get away from Deacon Allen.

"It was this way," said Jack. "On the day of Mary's disappearance I was within speaking distance of the scene where the tragedy occurred. Yet I knew nothing of the outrage-

ous crime until little Mary came rushing down to the river where I was adjusting my hook and line, hoping to be rewarded with a good string of fish. Mary was crying and the blood was streaming down her face and shoulders. Her hair was hanging loosely, matted with blood and dirt. She was a pitiful sight. I never saw anything so shocking. I knew not what to say or do. Finally, however, I led Mary down near the water, took a cloth from my pocket, wet it in the brook, and washed the blood from her face and shoulders. I tell you, she was a pitiful sight! I pulled from my pocket a bandana handkerchief, wrapped it around her head. In fact, there was a large gash on one side of her head which continued bleeding. Finally she related her story to me, which was as follows: 'I was not feeling well this morning. Papa Allen was determined I should go out and help him in the field. He said I must ride the horse—she was a frisky one—and I was afraid. Well, he commenced jawing and finally whipped me with the lash until I could scarcely stand. Then he gave me a slap side the head. I fell on to the plow and knew no more until I found myself under the big pile of brush. As there was no one in sight, and the blood was streaming down my face, I ran as fast as I could. I was afraid that Deacon Allen would see me. I knew he would kill me if he did. Oh, Jack, I am so

glad to find you. Don't let Deacon Allen kill me!' 'But, Mary,' I said, 'what are you going to do?' 'I'll tell you, Jack, I'm going to run away. You see, Deacon Allen's whipping and scolding me most of the time. I can't stay there.' 'Where are you going?' I said. 'I don't know,' replied Mary. 'I'm sure he'll kill me if I go back, and I shall never go back.'

"Then I built a little bower by placing the limbs together, where I placed Mary for safety, telling her I would help her to find a place. Yet she must not leave the bower until dark, so as not to be seen. I kept on fishing so that none might know my plans. As it grew dusk I opened a cloth bag which contained food. I always went prepared for long journeys, and as luck would have it I had a great plenty for myself and Mary.

As the sun had sank behind the western hills and the evening shades spread their somber hue o'er hill and dale, all nature proclaimed sadness and sorrow. Mary stood gazing at the twinkling of the stars with nowhere to lay her aching head, save the cold, damp ground, yet she had confided in me, hoping I would lead her to a place of safety. She firmly declared she'd never return to Deacon Allen's.

"I had started out on one of my long hunting trips. I told Mary I could help her get out of the neighborhood, where she might find

some one who would take her in and care for her.

"It was quite dark when I started out with Mary by my side. Well, we tramped over hills and through valleys, only stopping once through the night to rest and eat a little lunch. When it came daylight, I was a little cautious about being seen in company with Mary. Yet we were miles away, walking slowly near a small river. For, in fact, we were somewhat fatigued. I remarked: 'Mary, you'd better keep up the river until you come to a large bowlder. There's a tree growing from a seam in the rock. The water is shallow in the river and I think you can ford the river. When once on the opposite bank you will be safe. You need not fear Deacon Allen. There's an Indian Reservation near by. I sometimes come there to buy furs. If you are there, I'll see you.' Then Mary said she was afraid of Indians, and I told her Indians wouldn't hurt little girls. Then I said good-bye to her and said: 'I'll go this way. You go that way,' pointing up the river."

Mary loitered slowly along beside the river, now and then sitting down to rest and eat some bread and cheese Jack had given her. Just after sunset she had reached the big bowlder where she was to cross the river. She found no trouble in crossing the river, the water being very shallow. When once across she knew not

what to do, and finally sat down upon the ground, more dead than alive. Her head was paining her. It was a sad sight—her feet sore, heart broken and with a bad cut on her head which was paining her severely. Finally she commenced wringing her hands and cried aloud, thinking there was none to heed her sorrow. Yet there's One who hears the orphan's cry, One whose loving care will protect the sad and lonely ones. She never knew how long she had lain upon the ground. All of a sudden she was aroused by a hand being placed upon her head. She sprang to her feet with a wild, startled look, and was it a wonder she was frightened? In fact, there was an Indian squaw who had lain her hand upon the aching brow and was still bending over the child; Macaqua, of Lily of the Valley, was her name; put her arms around Mary and finally clasped her in her arms and started across the field, where she entered her wigwam and laid Mary upon a bed of furs and blankets, where she laid for days in an unconscious state, only rallying enough to call "Mother."

Macaqua was a good nurse. She seemed much worried about the child, bathing her head often with cold water. Macaqua was a fine specimen of the Indian tribe, tall, straight as an arrow, with long, flowing black hair which was hanging loosely over her shoulders. She

walked with a majestic step, giving her a haughty appearance.

At that time Macaqua's husband was away with others of the tribe, who were on a hunting tour. Finally he arrived home, ladened with game and fish. Macaqua acquainted her husband of the finding of the child. He stamped his foot and shook his head, giving her to understand there was danger. "White men come make trouble." However, Mary was kept closely confined, hoping to find a way to dispose of her or at least sell her for a term of years into bondage, which was the way of disposing of captives.

Macaqua was kind to the child, even showed affections and sympathy. Yet it was not safe to have a white child in their possession.

Mary had nearly recovered from her sickness, her head had entirely healed up and she was feeling quite contented; in fact, she dared not return to Deacon Allen's. Macaqua had given her kind and constant care, even applied paint to her face while she wore a blanket around her shoulders with moccasins upon her feet. Many feathers adorned her hair; as she stood in the sunlight and saw her shadow she could scarcely realize who it was. What annoyed her most was her confinement to the log cabin. She was scarcely allowed outside the door, fearing the white man's wrath. The In-

dians finally sat in council, agreeing to dispose of the child at their earliest opportunity.

The time had glided away slowly, yet it was first of May and a bright, sunny day. The grass had sprung from its long winter's rest where it could bask in the sunlight and feel the refreshing breeze as it wafts o'er hill and dale. The forest had donned her spring garb; everything looked balmy and refreshing—just the time of the year to enjoy nature with all her beauty.

Little Mary was standing looking outside the door, longing for her freedom, when all of a sudden Macaqua appeared at the door with a half a dozen braves, one tall noble-looking white man, whose ways and manners, with his Quaker garb, indicated his belonging to the Society of Friends. The Indians held a low conversation in a somewhat broken dialect. Yet Mary could understand it was she they were talking about. She was much frightened, thinking some one was looking for her. She threw her arms around Macaqua's waist, exclaiming in a frantic voice: "Please don't let him take me, please don't."

Macaqua placed her arms around Mary, showing some emotion, while Mr. Dyer smiled a sweet smile and remarked: "I'll not hurt you. Can you tell me your name?"

Mary gave him another look, which seemed

to appease her sorrow, and replied: "Anna Fitz Gerald."

"That's a good name," remarked Mr. Dyer. "How would you like to go home with me and be my little girl? I've no girl."

Mary looked up and smiled through her tears, while Macaqua assured her that he was a good man. Mary had learned to trust Macaqua as a friend, and when she said, "He's a good man," Mary's fear seemed to leave her. She looked at Mr. Dyer with a smiling face, as much as to say, "I'll go with you."

Finally Mr. Dyer made a deal with the Indians and Mary was to be his child. No one ever knew what he paid. He was to have her with a blanket and covering for her head.

About one o'clock that afternoon he had finished his deal with the Indians and had bought some furs and other things—Mr. Dyer made a practice to go down to the Reservation about two or three times a year to buy furs and sell them, also beads and other trinkets. When Mr. Dyer rode up to Macaqua's door on a large coal black steed, he had a proud bearing such as but few possess. Mary looked at him with a twinkle in her eye, as much as to say, "I admire your grand looks."

Macaqua assisted Mary to the horse's back, where she was placed behind Mr. Dyer. As the hore reined around in a graceful way, Mary smiled while waving good-bye.

After leaving the Indians' camp and getting on to the main road, Mr. Dyer commenced asking questions in an off-hand way by remarking: "Is thee name Anna?"

She replied: "Yes, sir."

"Ah!" he shook his head and said: "No sirs, yes and no will do. Whose girl are you?"

"My mamma's," replied Mary.

"Where doth thee live?" he inquired.

"I don't know," said Mary. She commenced crying and seemed so much agitated that he changed the subject by saying: "Thee is my girl," and then he talked of the trees, birds and flowers and the school until they came to a tavern where he was accustomed to stop for the night. As he dismounted with the child, there was much surprise. Mr. Dyer was well-known at the tavern and also in and about the surrounding country. He had lived for many years just in the suburbs of Philadelphia, a prosperous and respected man.

His father was a native of Philadelphia and also a member of the Society of Friends. It had been said he was a lineal descendant of Mary Dyer, the Quaker martyr who was hanged on Boston Common for preaching Quaker doctrine.

Wasn't it strange, Philadelphia was the birthplace of our nation? Independence Hall, where the greatest American drama was enacted, is still looked upon with patriotic pride.

The Dyers were some of the early settlers of Philadelphia, being great land holders, consequently grew up with the city and were wealthy and influential. Samuel was the grandson of the first settler, William. Samuel had lived all his life upon the old homestead. He was born there, and at the age of twenty-five married a most charming young lady and brought her to his home, where they still reside. They have no children to bring joy and sunlight to their home. There was a time when a gay and happy child played around their door, singing her gay and gladsome songs as she moved quietly through the house. But, alas! Death came and robbed them of their darling Mary, who was nearly ten years of age when she passed away. It was a hard blow for Samuel Dyer and his good wife, Ruth, who still mourned the loss of her darling child, yet with Christian fortitude they submitted to the inevitable. Samuel Dyer took pleasure in going to the Indian Reservation where he found little Anna Fitz Gerald. He was proud of his deal, and took her home to his wife, after stopping at the tavern over night. He made a grand appearance as he and Mary sat upon the back of his coal black steed. His wife almost lost herself thinking of her own child. Samuel Dyer presented the child to his wife by saying: "Here's your girl, Ruth."

She looked with astonishment, not knowing what to make of the child. However, when Samuel had explained all, his wife looked upon Mary with love and sympathy, taking her to her heart and home, where she was lovingly and tenderly cared for by Mrs. Dyer, who was a kind and noble woman, known by the name of Ruth Dyer. Mr. and Mrs. was not recognized by the Friends.

Ruth, as she was more familiarly called, was a devout Christian of that denomination, being guided by the inward light.

After getting familiar with Mary's childish and winsome ways, she was taught "thee" and "thou," which she soon became familiar with. It was not a hard job for Mary to become a Quaker like the people who she had learned to love and respect. Yet she had not forgotten her mother and little Sadie. She longed to be with them, yet she dared not return, thinking Deacon Allen would surely kill her. Many were the nights she repaired to her little room only to weep and mourn herself to sleep. Her pillow was often wet with tears, tears of sorrow and anguish, yet she dare not reveal her secret.

The summer seemed long. Mrs. Dyer did everything to elevate Mary's sorrow which was wearing upon her. As the summer waned and autumn approached, she became more like

herself, laughed and talked of books and school, of which she was very fond.

It was September when the school commenced. I mean the Quaker school—that was the leading school in Philadelphia. Mary was all prepared, having nice new frocks made in Quaker style which were very becoming. She never looked so fine and beautiful before Samuel Dyer and his wife were very proud of Mary, and when they found she was a lover of books, they were more so. The teacher was surprised to find Mary ahead of the school in books. However, it was no trouble for her to keep ahead. As she became acquainted and interested in the school she seemed happy and contented. So the season came and went while Mary applied herself to books, hoping to be a teacher some time. She often wondered and thought: "Do they miss me at home? How I would like to see Aunt Polly and Uncle Burley! It's only a few years when I'll go and see my mother and all the people, for I'll be eighteen years old then, and Deacon Allen won't dare to strike me then."

CHAPTER XIX.

WILL LAMB VISITS HIS OLD HOME.

Will Lamb had been away from home a number of years. He had a great desire to visit the scenes of his boyhood days. He had never been home to stay since locating at Philadelphia. He had lost all interest in the neighborhood since Mary's disappearance, yet he had concluded to visit his parents, who were still living.

It was in the spring after he had been hurried all through the winter with a big contract that he concluded that he would have a two weeks' vacation. So, on a bright and sunny morning—it was April—he left Philadelphia. When the earth was clothed in its spring garb of many rich hues of green. Brooks went babbling along in their natural course, while sunbeams gave them a cheerful look.

Now that Will Lamb had become a noted architect and full of business, his whole bearing showed him to be a man of note. He first visited Ocelia. There he met Dr. Jones, who was surprised to see him. He had heard of Will's

good luck and prosperity as an architect. Will was a tall, noble-looking man; was generally called "Lamb, the contractor."

Well, as I was saying, he stopped at Dr. Jones's. He and the doctor had a long talk in regard to Mary's disappearance. The doctor said he couldn't help thinking Mary was still alive.

Will remarked: "If she is, I'll find her some time. How my heart ached for her when she was living with Deacon Allen. I knew he misused her. She's told me many a time of his abuse."

"Well, he's got his just deserts," remarked the doctor. "Hung himself."

"Yes, and on Friday," remarked Will. "Saved the hangman the job."

Dr. Jones and Will were walking along towards the Burley place. Will said he would stop and see how the Burleys were getting along. Mr. Burley was just coming out of the house when he met Will as he stepped up the front door step. Mr. Burley was well pleased to see Will and also to hear of his success as a business man, and surely it did seem as if he had prospered beyond all expectation.

The Burleys had also thought much of Will Lamb, and well they might, for he was a model young man. Aunt Polly said: "I'm going to kiss Will; can't help it, as he reminds me so

much of little Mary; and the dear child has never been heard from."

Rosie looked at Will with a vacant smile, not seeming to recognize him. He finally stepped up and shook hands with her, and remarked: "I hope you are well."

She made no reply, but soon stepped to the door and called "Mary" in a shrill voice. Will dropped his eyes to the floor, his whole face showed sadness and dejection. He had loved Mary with a true boyish love which he could not forget.

His call at the Burleys was a long one. They talked of the leading events of the day, and finally rehearsed the circumstances of Mary's disappearance. He passed most of the day at Mr. Burley's. Aunt Polly wouldn't hear one word of his leaving before dinner, and still insisted that he should stay to tea, which he did, and, by doing so, he got a ride with Dr. Jones all the way to his home where his parents lived. Mrs. Eaton had been sick. Dr. Jones was attending her.

John Lamb and his wife were very happy to see their son, who had been away from home most of the time for three or four years. Yet they looked upon him with pride—the noble young man he was, besides he was fine-looking. He stayed home some six or seven days, traversing the country in hopes of finding a clue that would lead to some conclusion as to Mary's

whereabouts. He visited the spring where he and Mary had sat beneath the willows and studied their lessons from the same book. It all cast a shade of sadness over his brow as he recalled every childish look. Finally he said: "I'll go over to Deacon Allen's place. I want to see his grave, although I don't believe I'll cry. Deacon Allen was a wicked man. That's why he came to such a bad end."

Will spent his vacation with his parents and around the neighborhood. Finally he wished himself back to Philadelphia, his adopted home.

Monday morning was a wet lowery morning. However, Will was anxious to get back to his business. When the stage arrived at seven A. M. he bid his parents a very affectionate good-bye, taking his seat outside the stage, so as to have a good view of the surrounding country, which was clothed in its richest attire. As the stage jogged along over hills and through valleys, Will Lamb was planning for a prosperous season in his business.

Tuesday, about sunset, he was once more at Philadelphia, where he had many orders waiting his return. His first business was to get together his help, who were watching and waiting for his return. However, he was not long in setting them at work, as he had plenty of it to do. One contract for building a fine mansion house just outside the city limits for a

man by the name of John Jinkens, who had retired from business. There had lately been a great sale of land a few miles out of the city, a few wealthy men making the purchases. Among them was John Jinkens. His was the first house built, and a very pretentious looking one it was. John Jinkens was a Quaker. It was planned and decided to have none but Quakers to build and settle upon this tract of land. Samuel Dyer had purchased twenty-five acres adjoining John Jinkens's, where he expected to build a nice country mansion. He was to commence his house the following spring.

John Jinkens's was to be ready for occupancy early in the fall. Will was pushing the work as fast as possible. He tried to get board near by so as to be near his work. As he couldn't find a place he was obliged to ride on horseback to and from his boarding place, which was some two miles away, where he got boarded in the city. His route was right by Samuel Dyer's. He often met Mr. Dyer and talked of the new house he was to build for him. He had made preparations to have everything ready for an early start in the spring.

The winter came and went, and a cold, hard winter it was. It did seem as if everything was buried in snow. It was a grand winter for sleighs. Samuel Dyer was the owner of one of the finest in town.

It was not an unusual sight to see him out with his coal black steed hitched to a fine sleigh, taking Mary to school and sometimes he brought her home. He and his wife had lavished their affections upon the child. They could not of thought more of her if she had been their own. She was in one sense theirs, for Mr. Dyer had her adopted as such. Mary had grown into a beautiful girl of sixteen, modest and unassuming, with a happy and contented disposition. She had lived under the influence of a happy Quaker home and had become molded to their tenets.

Will Lamb had often seen Mary riding with Mr. Dyer and thought he had never seen such a beautiful young lady. Little did he dream of its being his friend and schoolmate, one whom he mourned as lost or dead.

Spring came and with it busy cares. Samuel Dyer's house was well underway, Will Lamb being the contractor. When Mary heard the name Will Lamb, she little dreamed it was the Will Lamb of her childish fancy. Yet she couldn't keep him from her mind, night or day. It brought back all the little kind acts of the boy she had known, besides sad thought of the past. She said to herself: "It's not the same, yet I'd like to see him, face to face."

After a while the opportunity came. Will Lamb had business with Samuel Dyer and called at the house. Mr. Dyer was not in at

the time and Will was shown into the house, then to the sitting-room, where Mary was busily engaged in embroidering a rich handkerchief. As Mrs. Dyer entered with Will, she said: "William, this is my daughter Anna."

Will looked at her with astonishment and exclaimed "Mary!"

She advanced a step towards him and put out her hand and said, "Will Lamb," at the same time losing consciousness. She would of fell to the floor had it not been that Will caught her in his arms.

Mrs. Dyer was much alarmed and knew not what to say or do, but finally, after a while, Mary regained her consciousness only to sob and mourn. Will tried to appease Mrs. Dyer's fears by telling her he had known Mary when a child. Mrs. Dyer exclaimed: "Then you know Anna's history?"

"I certainly know what happened to her as a child. Now that I've found her you shall know all."

Mrs. Dyer remarked: "Anna's a very sensitive child; must have quiet and rest for the present."

Will put his arm around her so as to assist her to a couch, where he gently laid her down. As she lay there she looked more like one dead than alive. However, she was kept quiet; Mrs. Dyer watched over her night and day.

From that time on Will Lamb was a con-

stant visitor at Mr. Dyer's, calling nearly every day. When Mary had regained her composure she, with Will, related what had transpired in her early life and how and why she was at the Indian camp. It grieved Will to know how she had suffered, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, who wept tears of sympathy as they heard her sad story. Mary said she dared not reveal her identity for fear of Deacon Allen. She had never heard of his untimely end nor what transpired after her departure. She had kept her secret wrapped in her own breast, which had caused her much sorrow. Now that all was explained, Mary said she was happy to hear from her mother, who was still staying at Mr. Burley's. Will looked at Mary with a calm, thoughtful look, and remarked: "Little Sadie had croup and died the next Sunday after Deacon Allen. She's buried in the grave with the deacon. Mr. Burley was appointed administrator on the deacon's estate. He had much more than people thought. He had always been a hard, shrewd man. Now that he and little Sadie are gone, your mother holds it all according to the laws of New York State, and besides, she's a-plenty of her own."

Mary sat laughing and crying at the same time, and finally remarked: "When I'm eighteen years old I'll go and see all my people, can't I mamma?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dyer. "You shall see them some time."

As the days and months went by, Will Lamb still visited the Dyer place. Mary was more dear to him than ever. It was plain to be seen that there was mutual love between them, yet one could see it was not in harmony with the Dyers' tenets. Samuel Dyer and his wife would never give their consent for Anna to marry outside the church, and surely they couldn't believe Will Lamb would join the Friends Society. Samuel Dyer and his wife loved Will Lamb, yet they would not give their consent to the union. So it was that Will's and Mary's heart ached as they thought of an objection that would separate them. Will was still working on the house, yet it was nearly completed. It was a model of beauty in the quaint, substantial style.

The house was completed in every detail, when Samuel Dyer moved his family into it. Mary occupied one of the large front rooms, which was furnished in a plain, substantial style. Mary was diligent with her room. She applied her time to her books, as she was determined to graduate before her eighteenth birthday, which she did and with honors.

Will Lamb had secured many contracts and was prospering beyond all expectations. He had continued his visits to the Dyer place by calling every week. He looked upon Mary with

a profound, loving look, which animated Mary's whole nature and made her a model of grace and beauty. Isn't it strange how some natures thrive and grow under the sunshine of love? Every thing seemed to glide smoothly with the young lovers, for such they were.

Will Lamb was at the Dyers every Sunday to accompany Mary to church. He was really interested in their services. Some said they expected to see him don the Quaker garb. He said he liked the Friend's Society, as he had found them a strictly honest, upright people, who were willing to be guided by the inward light (good spirit). "Surely such a church must be a good one," said Will.

Only a few months from that time Will Lamb had acquired the vocable "thee" and thou," also wore the straight coat and broad-brimmed hat, which added to his tall, dignified statue.

It did seem the lovers were as happy as happy could be.

It was just one month after Mary was eighteen years old that the marriage was announced, they having declared their intentions of taking each other in marriage before a number of public meetings, and there being no objection, and they being of marriageable ages, it was in the golden autumn, cold December's monthly meeting, when Will Lamb and Mary Anna Fitz Gerald Hull were married.

It was a handsome sight as they stood before the congregation and plighted their troth in like manner:

"I, William Lamb—Friends, witnesses—I take this my friend, Mary Anna Fitz Gerald Hull, to be my wife, promising through the Lord's assistance to be a loving and faithful husband until it shall please God by death to separate us."

Then and there, in like manner, Mary Anna Fitz Gerald Hull declared: "Friends, I desire you to be my witnesses. I take this my friend, William Lamb, to be my husband, promising through the Lord's assistance to be a loving and faithful wife until death doth us part."

Then and there they subscribed their names as man and wife. There were about fifty who signed the certificate. You'll find it recorded in the Friends' records, with the names of all of the witnesses.

After the ceremony at the church, Will Lamb and his wife returned with Samuel Dyer and wife to their home, where they were to spend their honeymoon. It was already decided that Will Lamb should build himself a house joining Samuel Dyer's. Mr. Dyer had given him five acres of beautiful land that overlooked the city. The site was a very desirable one.

Will decided not to build until the following spring, as he and Mary wanted to visit their old home. Mary had made great calculations

of visiting Ocelia when eighteen years old, not dreaming she would return as a bride. There was none who knew her secret save Will and the Dyers.

The people in and around Ocelia believed her murdered, as she had been gone eight years and there had been no tidings of her whereabouts.

Will had made all preparations for the wedding tour. Will was a skilled horseman. He and Mary had taken great pleasure as well as pride in their horsemanship, so concluded to take the wedding trip on horseback some time in December. However, it was the 23rd, and a warm day for the winter season, when they joyously and happily mounted their blooded steeds with sadles richly covered. The broad-brimmed hat and Quaker bonnet were conspicuous, giving the young couple a distinguished look. However, they were hurrying towards Ocelia.

Mary said it was a long journey and she could hardly wait to see her friends.

On their route they stopped at the "Way Side Inn" over night, a popular resort and the same hotel where Mr. Dyer stayed over night when on his way from the Indian camp eight years before with Mary on horseback, wrapped in an Indian blanket with moccasins on her feet.

What changes time had brought. Eight

years before a lone wanderer without friends or home, next a gay and happy bride.

As I was saying, they were hurrying so as to reach Ocelia the 24th, wishing to surprise their friends on Christmas day. As luck would have it, they reached Ocelia the 24th, about five P. M., where they stayed over night at the hotel. Will was anxious that none should know of their arrival, as he wanted to give them a genuine surprise on Christmas day. Mr. Burley and wife had always made great reckoning for Christmas. On this especial day they had made great preparations, had invited Alice and her husband, Charles and his wife with two children. They had all arrived the previous day, so as to be prepared for a merry Christmas. Even Mrs. Allen, Mary's mother, seemed happy, yet she had opened the front door and called "Mary" some two or three times during the morning, which had been her daily custom ever since Mary's disappearance eight years before.

Each and every one was in a happy mood. Mrs. Wilson was busy helping about the dinner; Alice was sitting near one of the front windows, when all of a sudden she exclaimed: "Augustus, look—here's a fine couple!"

By that time there was a number looking out at the strangers, who were making their way towards the house. Mr. Burley was at the door ready to show them in.

As Will Lamb stepped into the door, he remarked: "Mr. Burley, I suppose you know me. This is my wife—she who was lost and is now found—Mary Anna Fitz Gerald Hull."

Everyone looked upon the young Quakers with an eye of astonishment, when Mrs. Allen, all of a sudden, "Mary, my dear lost child." She would of fallen to the floor if it had not of been for Will Lamb, who caught her in his strong arms. Mary clung to her mother, kissing her pale cheeks and exclaiming: "My poor dear mother!"

The rest of the friends stood amazed, with tears streaming down their cheeks—tears of joy. The lost child was found. Each and every one clasped her hand, rejoicing that she had returned.

Mrs. Allen still clung to her child, caressing her in a most affectionate manner, and finally remarked: "I knew my child would some time come to me. God's heard the widow's prayer and watched over the fatherless child in all her lonely wanderings."

Mr. Burley remarked: "Let us all rejoice this Christmas day. The lost child is found. Let us cherish this Christmas as the most sacred of all days. It's commemorative of the birth of our Saviour, 'Peace on earth, good-will towards men.'"

After the horses were cared for, Will and his wife laid off their outside garments, reveal-

ing two of nature's fair models. Will was six feet one inch in height, while his wife was five feet six inches, with Quaker garb and an aristocratic bearing. They were a very distinguished looking couple.

Aunt Polly said: "Let us send for Dr. Jones and his family, so that we can all rejoice together."

None were more surprised than Dr. Jones, yet he and his wife were ready to congratulate the young couple.

That Christmas was one of feasting and rejoicing. Aunt Polly had made great preparations for the day, knowing that her children were coming from Rochester, little dreaming of the great surprise in store for them.

After Will's and Mary's four days' stay at Mr. Burley's, all had learned the story of Mary's disappearance, with all her wanderings. Will was proud to introduce Mary to his parents as his wife. It was a time of general rejoicing throughout the neighborhood.

While Will and Mary were calling on friends Mr. Burley was arranging for a final settlement with Mary in regard to his guardianship. He had always made good investments. Her money had more than doubled and tripled, which made her a good sum.

It was the first of January when Will and his wife returned to Philadelphia, where they

settled down for the winter to enjoy the honeymoon.

Spring came with birds and flowers and warm and sunny days and bright zephyrs. The new house was fairly under way, and when autumn came they were settled in the new villa, her mother being one of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Dyer were proud of their children, as they called them. It was a great comfort to them to know they had some one to lean on in their old and declining years.

So the seasons came and went and Will Lamb seemed to grow more popular every year, filling many positions of trust with honor and renown; and as for Mr. Burley and his good wife, they had passed on to the Great Beyond. The violets and wild roses are blooming over their graves, yet the people in and around Ocelia cherish their memory.

Is it not strange how circumstances mould the lives of mankind. There was Rosie North, who married Edward Hull, and started with bright prospects, yet the changes came, nor did she choose the way. Circumstances guided her through many trying scenes. The death of Edward Hull was heart-rending, yet she lived on till the time she should marry Deacon Allen, which caused her much sorrow. Then came the mysterious disappearance of her daughter, Mary Anna Fitz Gerald Hull, the shock was so great, she nearly beside herself.

It was eight years, and there were no tidings of her whereabouts, yet the mother hoped on, trusting and believing God would hear the widow's prayer. It was on Christmas Day, Rosie relied that her prayer was answered. That was the day Will Lamb and his wife came to Mr. Burley's, where mother and daughter were once more united, never to be separated again.

Circumstances had smiled on the sorrowing ones. Mrs. Allen, or Rosie, as she was familiarly called, was permitted to make her home with her daughter, where she was as happy, happy as could be, caressing and petting her grandchildren. Little Edward was the eldest; his grandmother fairly idolized him. She had named him Edward Hull, after her first love. It was a dear name to her, and also to Will Lamb and his wife. The baby was a sweet little girl; Will said he was going to name her Mary Anna Fitz Gerald Hull Lamb, and so it was decided, and for short she was called "Baby Lamb." No one could wish to see a happier family than Will Lamb's.

Such is life! Goodliness and Godliness will prevail.

END

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"The Light Eternal.'

"The Snow Man."

'Shore Acres."

Louis Mann in "The White Hen."

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